THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1732

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 1, 1933

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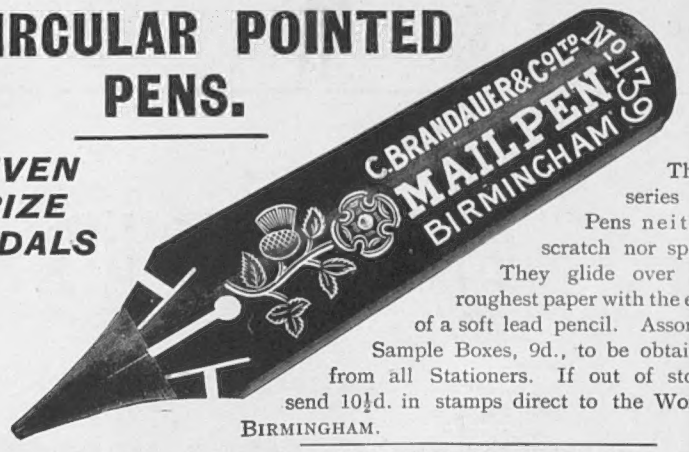

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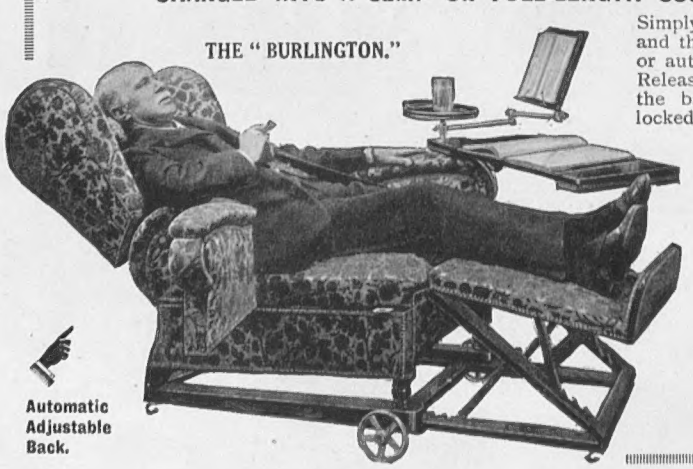

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 1, 1933

THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE TO INDIA

The Vast Sub-Continent Once Again comes into the Limelight of British and Imperial Politics

The situation with regard to Indian Constitutional Reform has now reached a highly important and intriguing stage. The Government seem lured towards a certain policy to which they feel pledged, and they appear to be fascinated by the gigantic experiment which they desire to put into operation. But now the series of Round Table Conferences and heart to heart talks with leading Indian Liberals has advanced matters to a point at which a section of the Conservative Party in this country has become alarmed at the prospect of Great Britain entering upon an arrangement about which they might have no real opportunity of expressing an opinion. A joint select committee, however, is to be set up, and representatives of the Lords and Commons, and of the Indian States, are to seek an adequate solution of the problem. Following this, Parliament, and without a doubt Mr. Winston Churchill will be on the spot, will have an opportunity of expressing its opinion. Our picture this week shows Lord Willingdon at a garden party in the grounds of the New Delhi chatting with the Maharani of Mandi. Standing behind him is Lady Chetwode, wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON N

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 29, 1933.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

—For many years now we have been struck by a curious similarity between one year and the next. The fixtures and the seasons, of course, we have always with us. The week comes round again when the spotlight of publicity centres on the lucky drawers of horses in the Irish Sweepstake and the best part of £2,000,000 sterling is handed back to Englishmen who support the Irish hospitals from motives not entirely charitable. (Where are last year's millions now?) It is the season, too, when the vicars of Slocombe Parva and Biddlecombe Abbas in feverish rivalry draft their precocious "cuckoo letters" announcing the return of that "wandering voice." It is Aintree's hour and Putney's vigil eve when established records are pulled down and replaced. But far more sinister, in the view of the conscientious journalist, is the extraordinary reproduction of political events as year by year the seasons wax and wane. It is a melancholy reflection for all civilized beings that this time last year Disarmament, Germany, Ireland, Unemployment, and the Economic Crisis were the burning questions of the hour and that not one of them, as a problem, shows to-day recognizable improvement. The "burning questions" of the end of March, 1932, stand forth again as insoluble as ever. And if you dared to blow the dust off the files of 1931 . . . . but I strongly advise you not to add to the murkiness of the atmosphere. It is for this reason that we have come to regard with suspicion the statement which has been made at least four times in recent years that the return of one or other of our Cabinet Bagmen marks a new chapter in a very hopeful development of the European diplomatic situation.

THE OLD, SWEET SONG.

—It may be that the Premier's absence from England in this crisis of our domestic affairs marks a new chapter, etc., etc., but our disillusioning reading of modern history prompts the retort that one chapter is much like another. Heaven knows, we hung on the Premier's guarded account of his circular tour (London, Geneva, Rome, Paris), and read into his hazy précis of the draft convention and the proposed Four Power Pact every hopeful sign that could suggest itself. But morbid curiosity compelled us to look back to chapter 32, to find every page crowned with headlines and captions identical in sense if slightly different in wording. Year after year, by the waters of Geneva, the worn-out harpstrings twang out their variations on a once original theme. The theme, indeed, dates from the reaction which followed the first great world-war in history, when the idea of a League of Nations was hopefully advanced, as æons afterwards it was repeated in the eighteenth and nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is not now a question of formulæ and a change of words that can help us. It is a stirring of conscience and a change of heart that alone can save civilization. And while approving the wholehearted zeal of our own Premier and accepting at their face value the promises of co-operation by the foreign nations principally concerned, I think we are excused in distrusting new labels and in criticizing our representatives for their obsession over formulæ.

THE PARALLEL OF PITT.

—Words! Words! If Mr. MacDonald could translate the latest formulæ into a solemn covenant by two or more great Powers to combine the moral force which is in them and employ it to impose the essence of the draft convention on the League nations, and if that failed, to found a new League of Sane nations, we would prick up our ears and show a more practical encouragement, a more lively enthusiasm. So little, so very little, has come of these excursions by Premiers that it is difficult to dismiss as unjust the criticism that some of the genius and energy of heads of governments might with happier results be employed at home. Mr. MacDonald's position is a curious parallel with that of Pitt in 1805. All the first half of 1805 Pitt, obsessed with the menace of Bonaparte, was seeking a coalition with Austria and Russia against France, and was immersed in European diplomacy. In the autumn, Ulm and Austerlitz shattered all his laborious plans. Meanwhile at home the country, spurred by an active opposition, growled for Reform and the removal of abuses, and before the end of the year his Government was discredited, his closest colleague disgraced, and he himself on his deathbed. Mr. MacDonald is happier in his Government, his colleagues, and his health, but the lesson is applicable.

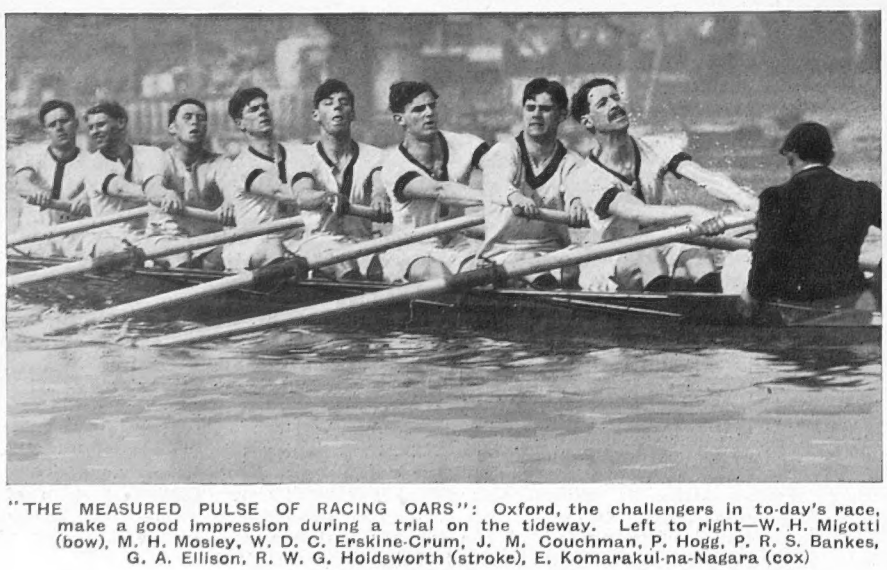
ALL FOOLS?

—On All Fools' Day, when the tide serves, an eight-oared race will be rowed between the two ancient Universities. This boat race is no new thing; it is very much a national institution, a people's holiday like the Derby or perhaps like the Lord Mayor's Show. If you go to the Derby, you will transact none of your ordinary business on that day; but if you watch the boat race or the Lord Mayor's Show, you may put in a half-day's work if traffic congestion permits any business to be done. One watches these old institutions jealously these days for signs of decay. The Lord Mayor has received only recently a direct hit, though not a K.O. And there are signs that boat race fever is of shorter duration than formerly. The journalists, who hold up the mirror of truth to the public, have had to admit that the sight of the blue blazers on Putney Bridge (which I must cross and recross every week in the year) no longer throws the Putney girls into hysterical transports. The film fans have no emotion to spare to such realities. We hear very little to-day of these love-lorn damsels and of Apollos in shorts. And that is for the best. But we ought not to allow our admiration for the sixteen stalwarts to decay. For though half of them come from Oxford (notorious for its Union), all of them are of the pioneer breed from which is drawn the conquerors of Kamet and Everest and the Poles, and all are amateurs in the best sense in a commercial world. For months they lead a monastic life of preparation, boring and strict. For weeks they present their bodies from zephyrs to blasts which are far from zephyr-like. And the prize for victory in Olympian, a mere garland of bays, and that on paper only. I suppose Cambridge will win. It is a hoary, Tory institution, this boat race, and Cambridge always do win. It is one of the rules. And another hoary old tradition remains unshaken. It is customary for the doomed dark blues to break a number of records in practice; and so the great day dawns in intense excitement. This rowing is a most heartening thing to think about. To row is no longer a recreation of the ordinary man. The days when every clerk had his whiff on the Thames died with Trollope. Men painfully gain proficiency merely for a boat race or two and all their trouble is of no permanent value. Yet the rowing schools constantly increase. I remember when only Eton figured at Henley. Then Radley competed. To-day there are as many schools as colleges at the Henley fixtures. Which shows that the youth of the Upper Classes are still Olympians at heart. I approve of the boat race and g

THE MODERN DON QUIXOTE: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, so described by the irrepressible Mr. Churchill, leaves the air liner at Croydon at the conclusion of his much discussed European tour

WATERCRESS TIME: Two gatherers returning with the day's harvest at Cassio's Bridge, Hertfordshire, where the season is now in full swing. The district is noted for its watercress

CAMBRIDGE, A FAST-STRIKING CREW: The eight oarsmen upon whom the Light Blues are relying for yet another boat race victory. Left to right—R. N. Wheeler (cox), T. Frame Thomson (stroke), C. M. Fletcher, W. A. T. Sambell, C. J. S. Sergel, R. B. F. Wylie, T. G. Askwith, J. E. Gilmour, W. L. R. Carbonell (bow)



"THE MEASURED PULSE OF RACING OARS": Oxford, the challengers in to-day's race, make a good impression during a trial on the tideway. Left to right—W. H. Migotti (bow), M. H. Mosley, W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, J. M. Couchman, P. Hogg, P. R. S. Bankes, G. A. Ellison, R. W. G. Holdsworth (stroke), E. Komarakul-na-Nagara (cox)

WS LETTER

AT THE DESK OF STATE: President Roosevelt signs the Emergency Banking Bill, one of the many powerful measures he has introduced to restore the United States to normality

it my blessing; though I do not go to watch the race nor (Heaven forbid!) listen-in to the eye-witness on the radio painting his scenic pictures of Putney embankment and counting up to ten.

POLITICAL ECONOMY ON TRIAL.—One more proof, if proof were needed, that all our long accepted political and economic beliefs are in the melting-pot is all my harvest from Mr. Keynes' famous articles. In the matter of balancing or unbalancing a nation's budget I learn that economic results are compounded of two principles, mechanical and psychological. You and I, when we balance our poor little budgets, give precedence to the mechanical. Income £1, expenditure 19s. 11d.—result, happiness. If we gain psychologically, it is in morale. And two years ago, when England, our England, balanced her budget, there were few critics to point out a cardinal error in reasoning. We all assumed that it was in large the mechanical principle triumphant as in our own tiny budgeting. But now it appears that to balance a nation's budget is not invariably sound and that when we did it two years ago it was not the mechanical but the psychological principle that guided the Chancellor's actions. Psychology here concerned means budgeting with an eye not on economic facts, but on the opinion of one's neighbours, and when we ordered a cut in our coat in 1931 it was not done to suit the cloth on hand, but to lengthen our credit with the tailor down the street. To-day the tailor regards us as his best customer, and the great economists urge that there is no further need to consider the psychology. We should give a firm order for half-a-dozen coats, and not give a thought to the bill. The means will be found to pay when the time comes—indirectly but surely; e.g., our order will give employment to an unemployed cutter and thereby our contribution to unemployment will be reduced. This is called "giving precedence to the mechanical principle in securing an economic result." The time has come, it seems, for statesmen to realize that an unbalanced budget is often wiser than a balanced. In a dubious world, I am not in doubt of the power of words, long words shrewdly chosen, and I am perfectly ready to believe that Mr. Keynes is right.

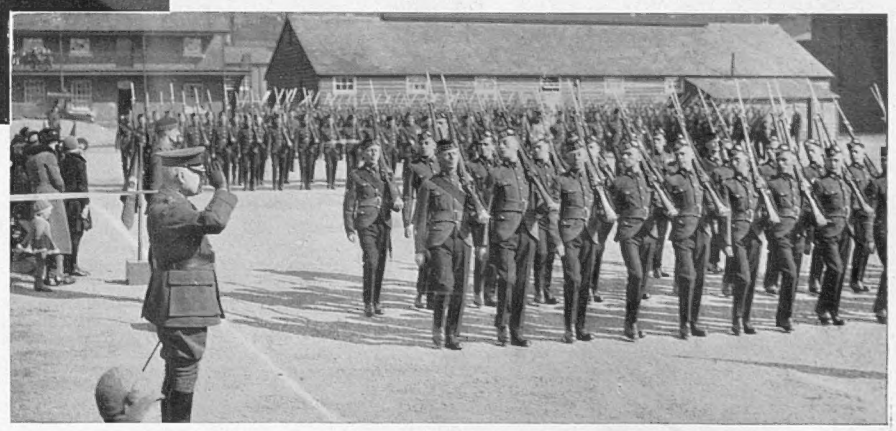
OLD CROME'S MILL.—The total destruction by fire of Norwich's famous landmark on Mousehold Heath is a disaster not confined to the locality. It is a national disaster. Crome's famous painting, "Mousehold Heath," is seen every year by thousands in the National Gallery, and the "original of the painting" was not less loved and valued than the painting itself. That, indeed, is a feature which may lend to a landscape an interest which far transcends that of any portrait by an old master. In the nature of things the original of the portrait is beyond our ken, the original of the landscape becomes part and parcel of the cherished work of art, and each continues to enhance the importance of the other. It would be unjust to add this disaster to the ever-growing list of acts of vandalism by the public for whom, in spite of itself, so much of the remaining beauties of this land are preserved. The mill was, indeed, earmarked for preservation as a public memorial, and the necessary funds were collecting. But it was still in private ownership, and some chance which we call an "act of God" may have worked its destruction. It is gone for ever. Public vandalism on open spaces may ultimately be repaired by Nature. Nothing can replace the famous landmark on Mousehold Heath.

MR. ROBERT W. BINGHAM: A new portrait of the United States Ambassador to Britain. Mr. Bingham is a newspaper publisher and a prominent Democratic leader

BINGHAM OF MELCOMBE.—So much has been written about the new American Ambassador's English ancestry that it becomes me to follow the fashion and put in my word. If you want to scratch an American and find a 100 per cent. Briton, you must travel to the Southern States, Virginia or Carolina for choice. For here old things count and gnarled roots are carefully tended, and when Anglophiles from these parts come to Britain for sport or from sentiment they are as jealous of our old traditions as is the Oxford Preservation Trust. Mr. Bingham's roots are indeed firmly embedded in the heart of old England. He is a West Countryman and you may read of the history of his family in Hardy's *Group of Noble Dames*. Time out of mind there have been Binghams at Melcombe, and a famous country house of incredible charm and beauty commemorates their name. The first Robert Bingham—son of Ralph, the common ancestor of "our" Robert and of Lord Lucan—hailed from Somerset and was Bishop of Salisbury in the first half of the thirteenth century. The next was Robert of Melcombe in the same century. The family was concentrated and rooted in Dorset till the sixteenth century when, as commonly happened, a younger son found his way to Ireland in search of a career and founded a new family of which Lord Lucan is the representative. But the elder branch remained glued to its acres in Dorset and took to wife the daughters of the neighbouring squires, and it was only in our time that "our" Robert's inherited share of those acres went out of the family. If heredity and traditions have any power to influence character, the new American Ambassador has 700 good grounds for comprehending British mentality, for appreciating our individual problems, and for striving to foster a spirit of sympathy and understanding between the two English-speaking nations.

ROOSEVELT AND PUBLIC OPINION.—It is interesting enough to scan the American Press during the early days of Mr. Roosevelt's great effort to pull the country round. One is struck at once by the general note of confidence in, and admiration for, the new broom. One sees the very crisis—the banking crisis—hailed as a blessing in disguise. It is "Roosevelt's luck," the chance in a thousand, the supreme "double" which brought together the man and his hour. The magnitude of his task is everywhere stressed, not in a spirit of defeatism, but rather to pave the way for his assured triumph. Thus: "The Treasury deficit when he took over the Administration had mounted in three years to more than 5,000,000,000 dollars, increasing at the rate of 7,000,000 a day." Again: "Mr. Roosevelt's message betokens anew his forthright courage. He is prepared to assume supreme command. What he asks should be given him." And again: "One striking element in the situation is the realism with which the new Administration is dealing with the problem of what will become of the weaker banks. A month ago the theory of the survival of the fittest was hardly breathed at Washington. . . . Gone is that refusal to accept economic facts which characterized the Hoover Administration." Every cutting I take up breathes the same sentiment: "A leader has perhaps arisen; but any way, whether he carry the guns or whether he don't, we mean that this new President *shall* lead and we will follow. We are starving for a lead. We are done with democratic control. We aren't fit for it."

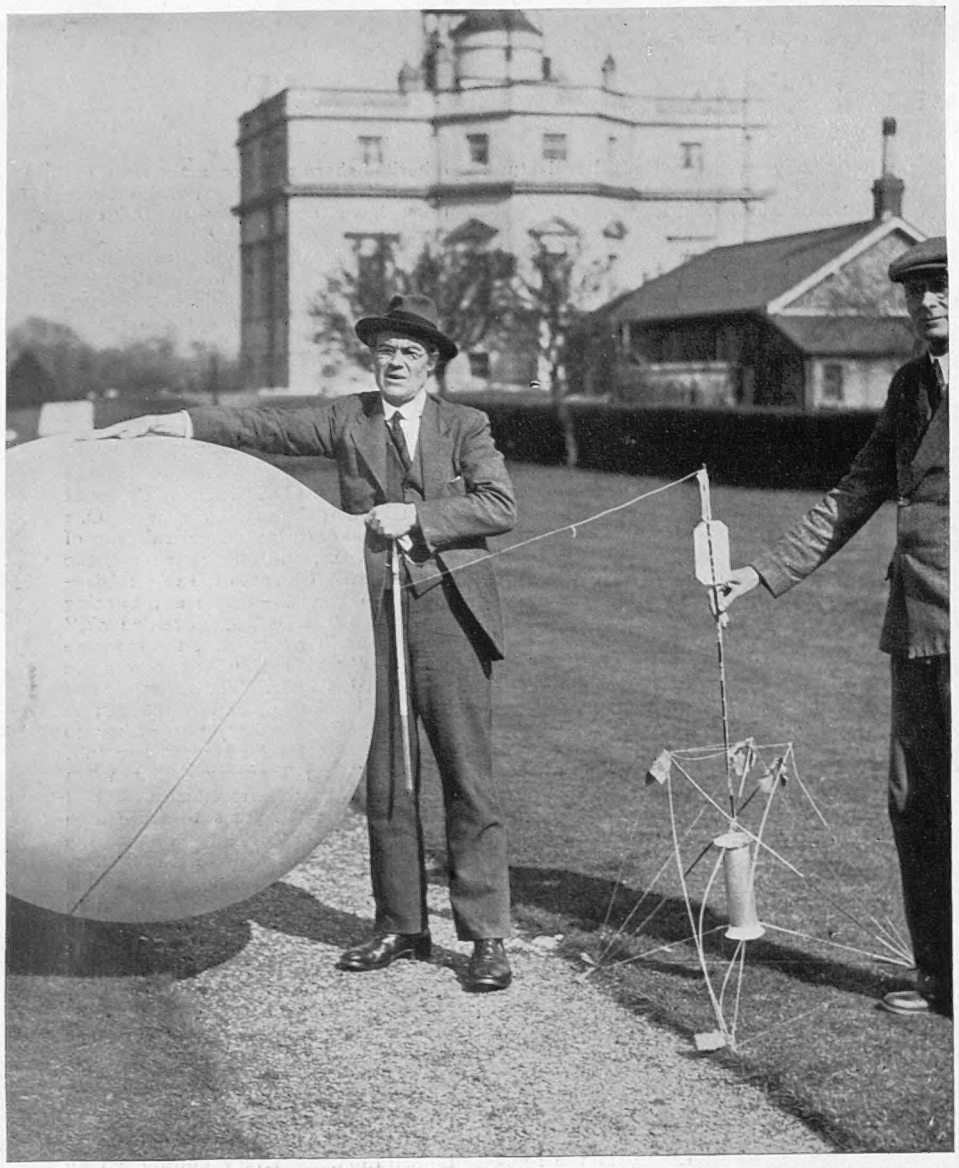
THE OLD STAGER



"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT": The Royal Scots, which has the proud distinction of being the oldest regiment in the British Army, celebrated its 300th birthday last week. Colonel Sir E. A. Altham is seen here taking the salute as the 1st Battalion marches past at Aldershot. The King and Queen have promised to pay a visit to the regiment this month

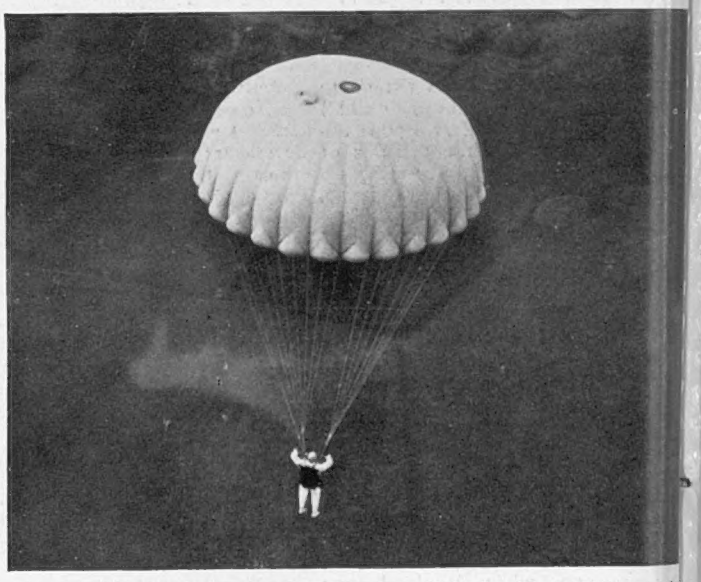
TAKING A WOODLAND BEND AT SPEED: Mr. J. R. Baker (Singer), followed closely by Mr. E. M. Ward (Riley), seen during the first road race for cars ever held in England. The race took place over a 2¼ mile circuit at Donnington Park, near Leeds, the course following some difficult country and providing a real test both for cars and drivers

SEVEN DAYS of



EXPLORING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE AT KEW: Mr. W. H. Dines, of Kew Observatory, who is carrying out important experiments in the stratosphere. He is seen with an assistant releasing one of the balloons he uses in his work. They frequently rise to a height of fifteen miles

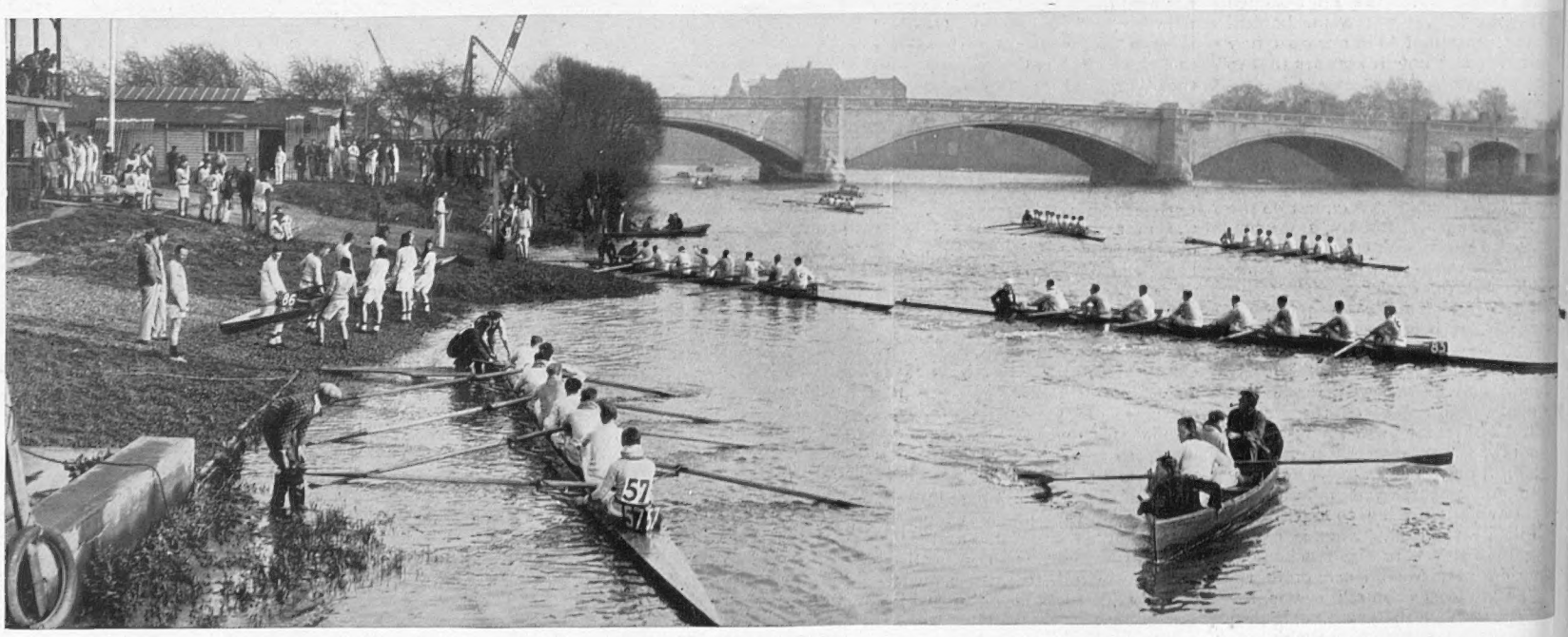
DIVING FROM AN AEROPLANE: A parachutist prepares to drop from 2,800 ft. at Heston Aerodrome. A considerable altitude is necessary when dropping from an aeroplane, and even under normal conditions it is a task for the expert, demanding more than ordinary nerve and considerable practice. To the initiated it is a thrilling experience



GLIDING TO EARTH: Mr. F. R. Pacey, said to be the world's heavie parachutist, drops from a high altitude. Many prominent exponen of the art are able to drop a considerable distance before opening o

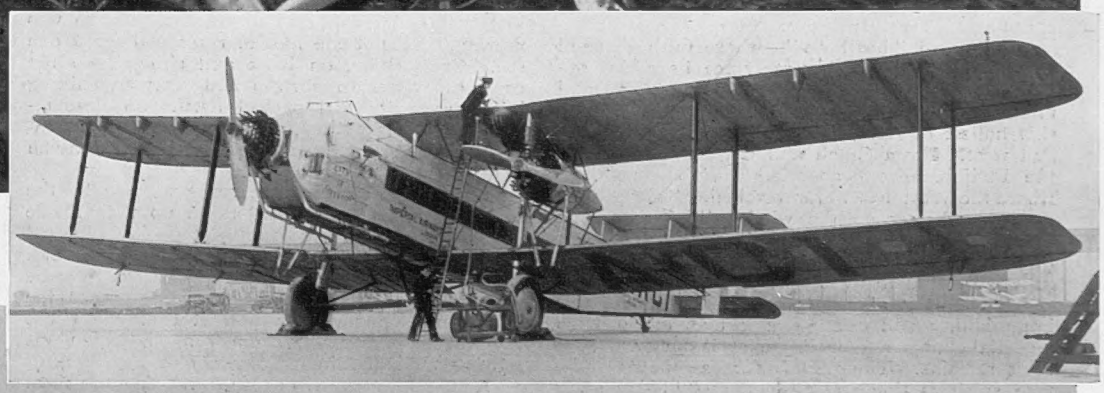
FOR THE ATTENTION OF THE HANGING COMMITTEE: Portraits and paintings arrive by van at the Royal Academy for the consideration of the Committee

HOPING TO BE HUNG: Students arrive with their pictures on sending-in day

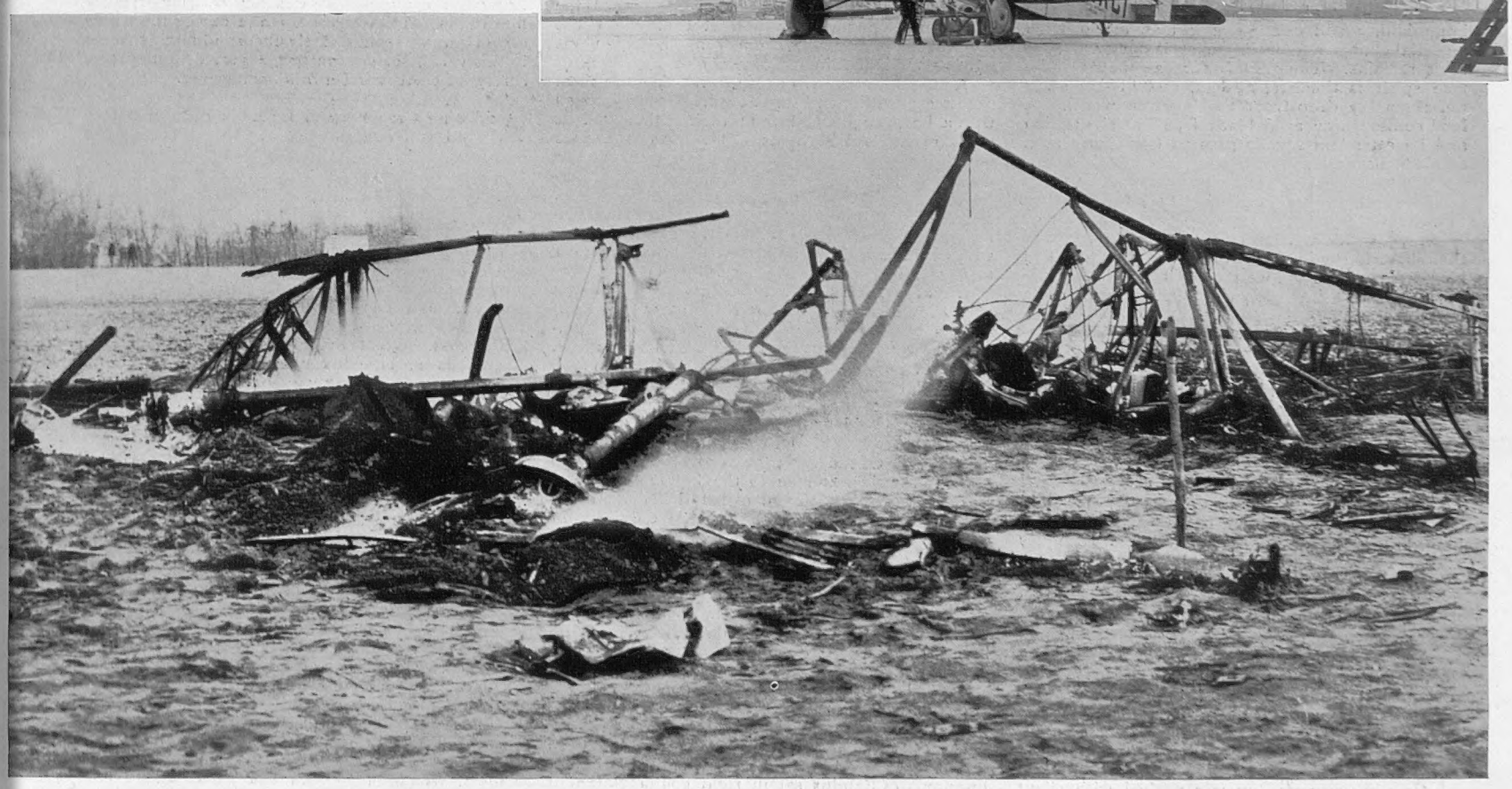


LAST SATURDAY'S HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE: Crews moving up for the start of the Mortlake to Putney Race in which 140 eights took part in a contest over the rev route of the boat race course. For the eighth time the London Rowing Club retained their position at the head of the river. The result of the race, which is decide timing, was not declared until two hours after the course had been rowed

CURRENT HISTORY: The Tragic Air Disaster near Dixmude which Clouded a Week of Glorious Sunshine

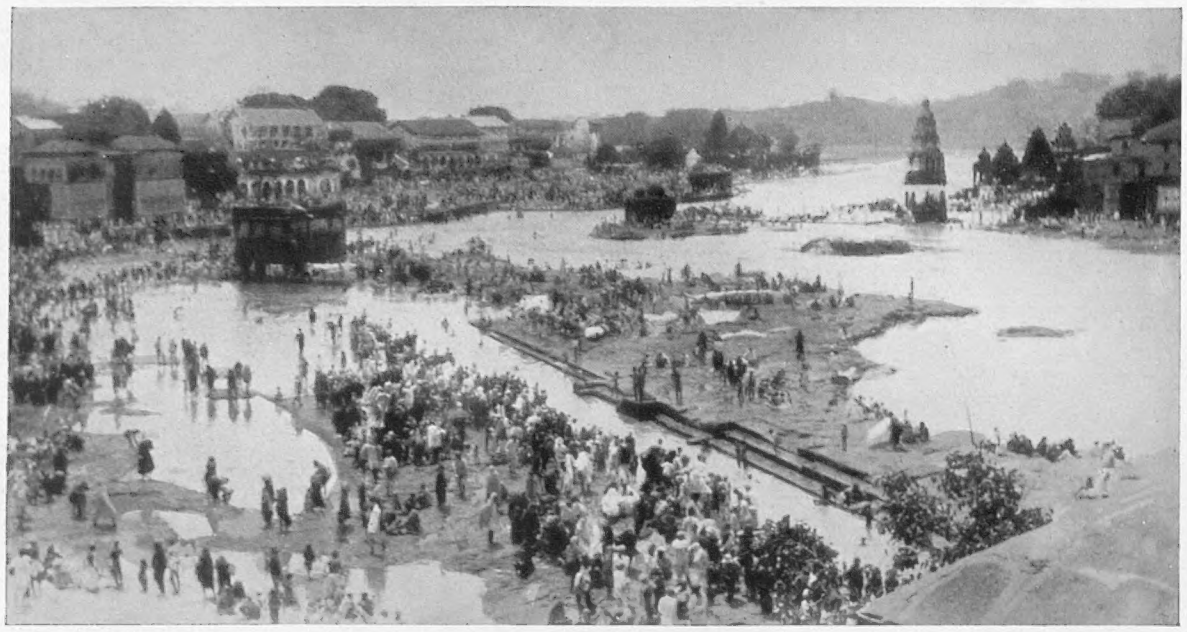


TWISTED WRECKAGE: The smouldering framework of the *City of Liverpool* after she had dived from 700 ft. into a ploughed field. *Right*—The *City of Liverpool*



BRITAIN'S MOST SERIOUS AIR-LINER DISASTER: The charred remains of the Imperial Airways liner *City of Liverpool*, which crashed in flames in the neighbourhood of Dixmude, Belgium, on Tuesday afternoon, when all the passengers, pilot, and crew lost their lives. The liner was westward bound from Brussels to London, and five minutes before the disaster had signalled that all was well. Up to the time of going to press the cause of the accident is unknown. The majority of the passengers were British

800,000 INDIAN PILGRIMS WORSHIP AT NASIK



THE HOLY RIVER AT NASIK: The River Godavari on the morning of the festival, showing some of the thousands of pilgrims who have come to bathe in its sacred waters. Many of the people have camped out for over a week in readiness for the ceremonies. So intense is their devotion they appear entirely regardless of weather conditions

The Old India Which Still Remains — Remote from Political Upheavals — Epitomized at the Twelve-Yearly Festival in Bombay Province, where Pilgrims Interested only in Religion Bathe in the Sacred River

By LEONARD HANDLEY

(Author of "Hunter's Moon")

Some months ago a few small notices appeared in various Indian papers referring to a pilgrimage which was being made to Nasik. Very few details were given. Some trepidation was shown over the possible trouble in store for the local police, as many thousands of Hindoos—including a high percentage of fanatical Sadhus, fakirs (wandering mendicants), beggars, and itinerant holy men—were converging on the city, camping as they came. Often a month or more's journey, each halting place indescribably poverty stricken and filthy; a breeding ground for all manner of diseases. Yet each member of that vast concourse—cold, weary, and half starved (by the light of our Western eyes), was fired with a faith as strong and convictions as deep as only inspired the hearts of our early Christian martyrs—or those others to whom death, whilst on that thrice blessed pilgrimage to Mecca, the Hadj, comes as the highest pinnacle of all consummated earthly desire.

So to these "heathens"—whose faith, debased as it has undoubtedly become since its early conception, yet has the power to grip the hearts and minds of many millions, bringing them together on this holiest of days, from north and south, east and west. From Cutch and Gujerat, Indore and the Punjab. From countless little hamlets, to where the West has never reached. "Congress" a mere whisper on the wind. "India for the Indians," an empty phrase; since they live their lives untouched by thought or sight of white men, as they lived them 5,000 years ago.

One finds it almost incredible to think of this immutability still existing amidst an era of such essential change and evolution as is our own. Yet so it remains. The *real India*—a country whose true spirit is timeless, ageless, and hidden away unfathomably deep from the Western world. A land across whose aged black face our civilization and its attendant squalls pass as transiently as a candle's flicker. . . .

But to Nasik! For there we went, drawn by the desire to see her at play. The old India one has almost forgotten.

Staying with the local British magistrate, who though seriously in doubt of our sanity did all in his power to help us, we set out some time before dawn from his bungalow to make our way down into the city.

He pointed out the unwisdom of this procedure, telling us that all Europeans had been advised to keep to their bungalows during the festival, and that troops were in readiness nearby should the vast crowds get out of hand—a very strongly anticipated possibility. As it was, two processions were to take place, and along the route of these, *two hundred* police, I believe, were stationed; the crowd then numbering in the city some *eight hundred thousand!* A relic this, surely, of the old sublime conviction in their supremacy, which has helped the inhabitants of one small island to conquer and hold more than half a world. . . .

Both processions were only allowed to take place once in twelve years—and the third, which was to commence its progress before dawn, once in seventy. The occasion had thus become one of great moment; possible to most of the participants only once in a lifetime. There being so many countless sects and denominations present in the city, a spirit of lightly suppressed excitement, tension, and seething expectancy could be felt on all hands and in the very air itself.

Already every roof-top was packed with silent humanity. From balcony and parapet, window space and doorway, shadowy faces peered. The gleam of a bangle, or flash of earrings in the torchlight, and here and there the white, scarlet, or yellow, splash of a caste mark on black forehead, were all which as yet brightened the darkness.

As we approached from the river a vast yet subdued murmur rose to meet us. As though the waters, already released from the hills, rushed down to cleanse and purify the mighty desert of the plains.

The voice of India's "inarticulate millions." The wordless, droning whisper of a mighty throng. All the more eerie in its motionless excitement.

Dawn was growing in the East and casting a faint grey light on wall and building as we reached the bridge. Yet no words of mine can fitly describe the sight which stretched away on either hand.

At this point the river is perhaps half a mile in width when the monsoons break; but now very little rain had fallen, and only a small stream was flowing. Yet not one foot of river bed could one see. Everywhere, on bank and shingle, on the roofs of waterside shrines and temples, shining black humanity had packed itself. So close together, so intermingled, naked black bodies glistening in the torchlight, they might have been a stream of all-engulfing lava.

Farther on we passed a camp wherein by the roadside 10,000 Sadhus had taken up their abode —10,000, moreover, of the most perfect physical specimens of humanity I have ever yet beheld. One so often pictures a Sadhu, I think, as some diseased and filthy mendicant, yet the genuine specimen is a uniquely perfect example of the militant *religieux*. As much a soldier of his faith as our Crusading knights of old.

A magnificent body of men, practising the most rigorous austerity and asceticism. Deeply imbued with a knowledge and love of their faith. Politics to them an unknown quantity. An undesired quantity moreover—content as they are to practise their religion in peace under the wise, yet uninterfering, guardianship of the benign British Raj. How different these, to those town-bred, education-rotted sedition-mongers and cowardly anarchists who would have England believe that *they* are India andstand for what she and her millions desire.

Turning off the road we came to the tent of Hannuman Das, the head Mahunt (or priest) of this band. An awe-inspiring figure with high-piled hair (*à la* Pompadour) stiffened into a vast halo and powdered with wood ash. Ash-smeared face and body, he sat in the shadows against a background of tiger skins and the faint glint of brasses, and told us of his ten thousand disciples' pilgrimage to Nasik. Of the long journey and the hardships. Of the two processions they wished to make to the river and on to the big temple. Not held for twelve years, and called the Nirmoji and the Mirwani, and of the third, made only once in seventy years. We gathered that there was considerable enmity between his band and another sect of Sahdus—and wondered, as we left him, how Nasik would fare with its eight hundred thousand souls, ablaze with inter-sect and caste prejudices, were the restraining hand of the British to be no longer felt! Were a handful of inadequate Congress-maddened agitators left to cope with such a situation! But such a thought (imminent though this state of affairs appears in the future) does not bear further contemplation.

And so we went on. Passed countless little shelters where, on the ground in mud and damp, hundreds of Sahdus sat in rigid contemplation of the infinite. Eerie naked figures, smeared from head to foot in smooth white ashes, their expressionless faces cicatriced with gamboge and vermilion paint. Between the crossed legs of many seated figures small piles of charcoal smouldered on to which handfuls of some pungent, incense-like drug were thrown from time to time. The smoke from these fires rose unheeded into their staring, blood-shot eyes, yet caused never a flicker of an eyelid, so trance-like was their state of suspended animation.

At night they lie down naked on the wet, muddy ground, their only pillar a brick—covering, none! One man had been buried a month, and only his hand protruded from the wet black earth.

Farther on we took up our position on a ledge overlooking a backwater, and there learnt from our only companion (the local sanitary inspector) that the entire river (Holy of Holies!) had been heavily chlorinated well above the town to minimize the almost inevitable outbreaks of cholera which must necessarily follow nearly a million pilgrims washing, bathing, using the river for all purposes (including that of sanitation), and then drinking the water! Only of latter years have we been able, with the help of science and the unflagging care and patience of the local British authorities, to reduce the appalling mortality amongst the natives which follows such a pilgrimage. A practice, one might add, which to even our most enlightened Congress "brother" seems a useless waste of time!

Much later, in the wake of the third procession —hopelessly enmeshed on all sides in a vast, slowly moving throng of shiny, sweating, swaying, black humanity—we left the river and started our two-mile return journey to the bridge.

The vast crowd (convinced, perhaps, of our insanity!) left us completely unmolested, which hardly coincides with the constant assurances offered by heads of Congress to the British as a nation, of the strongly antipathetic feeling "throughout India" to all "whites." Take into consideration, moreover, that this was a religious festival of gigantic dimensions—the crowd, a highly fanatical and thoroughly excited one—and we, not only of the detested (?) white race, but aliens in faith, custom, and creed. And yet the atmosphere was one entirely friendly towards us. I never saw a frown during the whole eight hours we spent entirely alone and mixing freely in this vast black concourse. A very definite proof, surely, of what *real India's* feelings are.

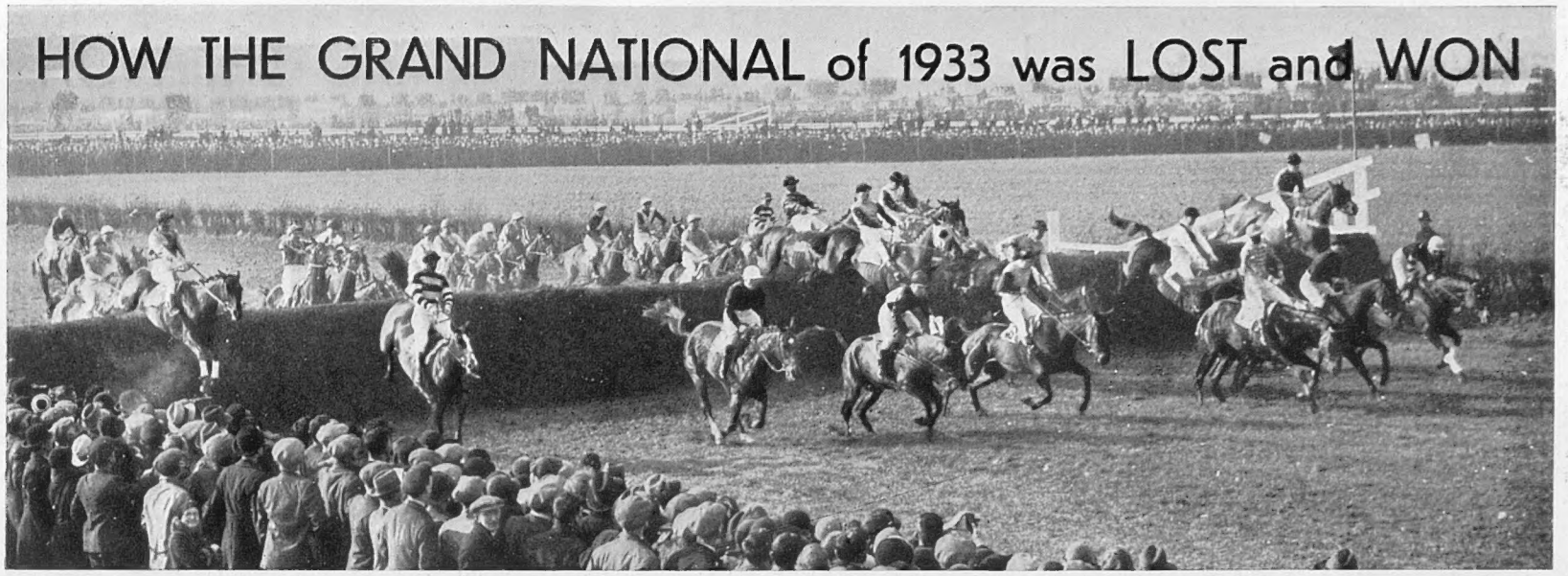
And what a strange and fantastic country it is—and will always remain. Utterly regardless of education, and the road to a higher evolution (other than the spiritual one). Hardly conscious in its heart of the faint, ephemeral touch of the West.

Tiger dancers—naked, hair matted with powder, and marigold petals tossing in the wind—their glistening, sweat-drenched bodies painted in vivid ochre, lemon, and black to resemble the beast they seek to imitate, whirling in the roadway. Every sort and condition of beggar, cripple, mendicant, fakir, Sadhus, ash-smeared—their faces grotesque with paint. Great livid caste marks like scars. Sacred cows, or—alternately—diseased ones; all equally holy. Men lying on beds of nails, or walking on their knees for life as a penance. Mud and steamy wet heat, and over all the heavy, sickly, sweet smell of crushed flowers. Attar or roses—naked black bodies—sweat and acrid smoke, and the river's chlorine!

Such is the India of to-day, as was the India of yesterday and 1,000 years ago. Deeply embedded in doctrines, customs, thoughts, and creeds as unalterable as they are—black! For how truly has it been written that "From time immemorial India has been infinitely interested in religion; in politics not at all. And the ancient faiths which grew out of the rich jungle life, or the austere life of the desert, are more momentous to her than the largest issues of human governments.

One finds oneself echoing the plea read in a letter only the other day. "Are we at the behest of an acknowledged antipathetic handful to see our great tradition in India, the most just, incorrupt, and progressive trusteeship the world has ever known, wrecked?" And the "inarticulate millions" given over to chaos like that which is ruining China to-day.

HOW THE GRAND NATIONAL of 1933 was LOST and WON

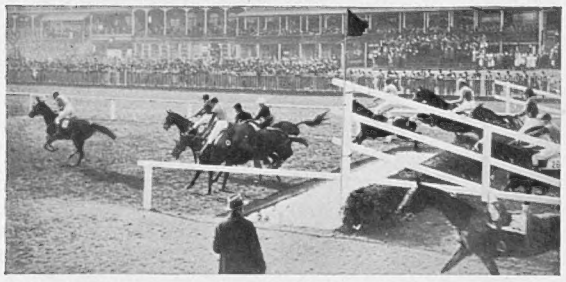


THE FIELD OF THIRTY-FOUR SETS OFF ON THE FOUR-MILE JOURNEY: Remus and Colliery Band (extreme right) lead the field over the first fence at Aintree at the start of the fastest run Grand National in the history of the race, won by Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's Kellsboro' Jack and ridden with admirable judgment by the hitherto unlucky Aintree jockey, Dudley Williams. The winner, which started at 25—1, jumped the course in wonderful style, and to the delight of its American owner confounded the critics who doubted its staying powers. Kellsboro' Jack is a half-brother of Brown Jack, the popular flat racing performer

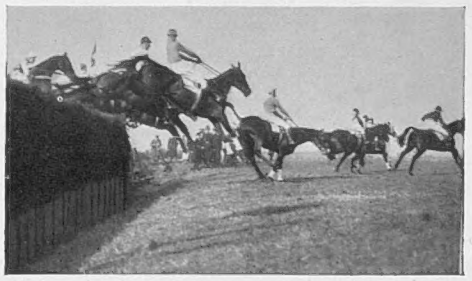
AT THE OPEN DITCH: Mr. J. B. Snow's Delaneige (J. Moloney), which finished fourth, followed closely over the open ditch by Mr. W. Parsonage's Forbra, last year's winner

WELL OVER: Kellsboro' Jack, Delaneige, and Gregalach, on the right side of the open ditch. The last named broke a blood vessel when going well near the finish

JOCKEYSHIP: Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's Gregalach (No. 1) and Mr. J. V. Rank's Southern Hero (No. 19), clear a stiff fence on the first round, which for such a race was remarkably free from accidents



PAST THE STANDS AND STILL STANDING: Kellsboro' Jack (No. 7), Delaneige (No. 14), Southern Hero (No. 19), and Slater (No. 26) among the unusually large group of runners which completed the first circuit



OVER THE BROOK: The scene at Becher's the second time round showing the enormous leap horses must make to reach level ground on the landing side of the jump

A FAVOURITE STUMBLES: Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller (No. 3), who for once found the distance and the gigantic obstacles too much for him, stumbles badly at Becher's Brook

HEADING FOR VICTORY: W. Stott, the champion jockey, who had ridden a brilliant race on Pelorus Jack, drives his mount over the last fence accompanied (right) by Kellsboro' Jack, only to find that . . .

THERE'S MANY A SLIP: Pelorus Jack, who hit the top of the fence, crumples up, and to the chagrin of his jockey, lets Kellsboro' Jack through to win a popular victory

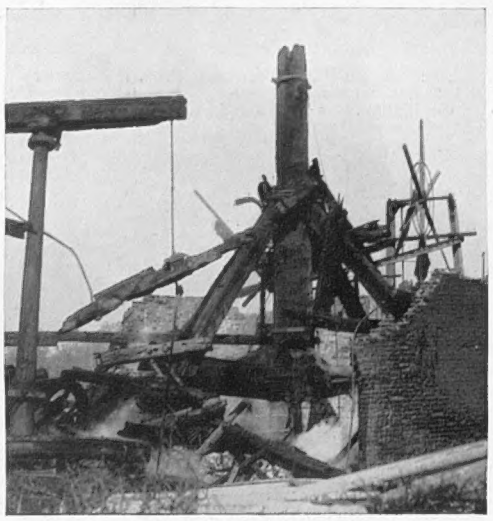
STOTT SURVEYS HIS FALLEN HOPE: The champion jockey stands beside the prostrate Pelorus Jack as Mr. G. Elliott takes a toss from Ballybrack at the last fence

THE RIDERLESS APOSTASY PILOTS THE WINNER HOME: The American-owned Kellsboro' Jack, weary but still game after completing over four miles of the stiffest steeplechasing country in the world, and having discarded his closest rival at the last fence, holds off a strong challenge to win the 1933 Grand National by three lengths. Really True, which started at 66—1 and which is owned by Major Furlong, came in second, while Mr. G. S. Whitelaw's Slater, another outsider, appeared late in the picture and almost unidentified by the vast crowd put up a creditable performance in gaining third place

THE "OFFICER IN THE TOWER" CASE: Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, who has been found not guilty on three of the alternative charges against him and who is awaiting decision on the remaining seven, seen in the grounds of the Duke of York's headquarters at Chelsea during the lunch interval. On the extreme right is Lieutenant Eric Stewart Wright, brother of the accused, and standing next to him is Mr. Coggins, solicitor for the defence

THE NEW EXTENSION TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: One of the rooms and the connecting corridor in the new portion of the gallery given by Lord Duveen, in readiness for the opening by the King and Queen on Thursday

BEFORE THE DISASTER: Sprowston Mill, Norfolk, as it was before the fire which completely destroyed it on March 23 (see page 23)



THE CHARRED REMAINS: The famous mill after the fire. It was immortalized in Crome's painting of Mousehold Heath, and was about to be restored at the time of its destruction

SABOTAGE IN RUSSIA

The Soviet Authorities Stage a Mass Trial, with Britain as the Defendant, to Create Renewed Enthusiasm among Russia's Inefficient Industrial Workers

By J. BAKER WHITE

"There is still widespread inefficiency both in industry and elsewhere. A vigorous and many-sided effort is being made to eradicate it, and may in time be successful. But meanwhile it remains true, as one acute observer said, that 'inefficiency is by far the heaviest overhead charge on the Soviet system'." This remark was made by Dr. Hugh Dalton, a member of the last Socialist Government and a not unfriendly observer of Sovietism, on his return from a visit to Russia, and it has particular significance in regard to the coming trial in Moscow of "specialists," British and Russian, on charges of "sabotage." After the Bolshevik Revolution most of those in control of industry—directors, managers, technical specialists—were imprisoned or exiled. In 1928 the Soviet introduced the Five Year Plan, involving the building and operation of huge new industrial enterprises and so the employment of millions of new workers. They found themselves seriously deficient in specialists and workmen, so they imported the specialists from abroad and recruited the workers from the rural areas. But the cleverest specialists in the world cannot make illiterate peasants into skilled mechanics, and so to-day Soviet industry is crippled by an almost incredible inefficiency.

The official Soviet paper, *Izvestia*, tells of trouble in the Don coalfield. "Continuous breakages of coal-cutting machinery, conveyors, and other equipment still remain the curse of the coal industry." The miners in the Moscow coalfield on their part complain that they "have no strength left with which to carry on," and that they "are being starved and treated worse than pigs." The bulletin of the Stalinsk steel mill, one of the newest, gives some indication as to why steel production is under the programme figure. "We are living from hand to mouth. Magnitogorsk (the blast furnace plant) has never shipped its programme. It sends short weight, and uncrushed ore at that. The coke is awful." *Pravda*, after pointing out that in the Nadejin works eight Martin furnaces were out of action for 514 working days, says: "The Martin furnaces department is absolutely inaccessible. Engines and trucks are constantly derailed owing to the metal lying all over the place."

In the textile industry the effect of inefficient labour is shown by the quality of output. Official reports say that production "is of a very low standard," and that in certain plants the percentage of "throw outs" reaches 50 per cent.! In the present charges against officials of Metropolitan-Vickers and their alleged connection with power stations, the testimony of a foreign specialist employed on the construction of the Kharkov turbo-generator works is interesting. He says that "it must not be imagined that everything has proceeded smoothly. There have been so many 'set to's' with the bureaucrats, so much struggle that I am weary of even thinking of it. . . . A few weeks ago the Workers and Peasants' Inspection ordered the removal of the chairman of the local Bureau of Rationalization and Inventions charged with sabotage, holding up or wantonly rejecting valuable suggestions for speeding up and rationalizing the process of work. The former secretary of the Communist Party at the works has been expelled for his participation in shady store transactions. The unwillingness of the administration to make up its mind on many matters has caused several misunderstandings and has been a responsible factor in the lack of harmony between the foreign workers and the Russians."

There is also ample evidence that the peasant mentality, the "leave it till to-morrow, sleep in the sun" outlook, is the cause of a lot of trouble in Soviet industry. Another foreign specialist tells about certain workers in the Red Proletarian Factory at Moscow. Of Vanka, who "considered that he was doing us a favour in working in our shop and when he didn't feel like it he just didn't come to work. This was particularly noticeable on night shift." And Ivanov, a turner in the machine shop and a member of the Communist Party. "Whenever he was working on the night shift he used to come to work, hang up his number, and then go home and sleep." This habit apparently became infectious, and we are told that "sometimes as many as seventy workers would have their numbers up and yet the foreman had to make out idle-time sheets on the grounds that the machines had no workers." It is not surprising that in ten months in 1932 the loss of working days in this plant through absenteeism amounted to 16,726 working days or nearly one month's production. Yet this slackness is typical of the spirit prevailing in Soviet industry. Its effect on production is shown by the statistics. It was proposed to raise "labour productivity" in the heavy industries by 21 per cent. in 1932. The actual increase was only 5·9 per cent.

The problem is made all the greater by the chaos on the railways. Machinery gets delayed or lost—some of it is coming to light in the spring thaw, rusted and useless—and the Commissar of Transportation says that certain railways "are sometimes congested with as many as 30,000 empty freight cars, of which other roads are urgently in need." In agriculture the frequent breakdowns of tractors, due to faulty workmanship and bad driving, is a real problem, as is the passive resistance movement amongst the peasants.

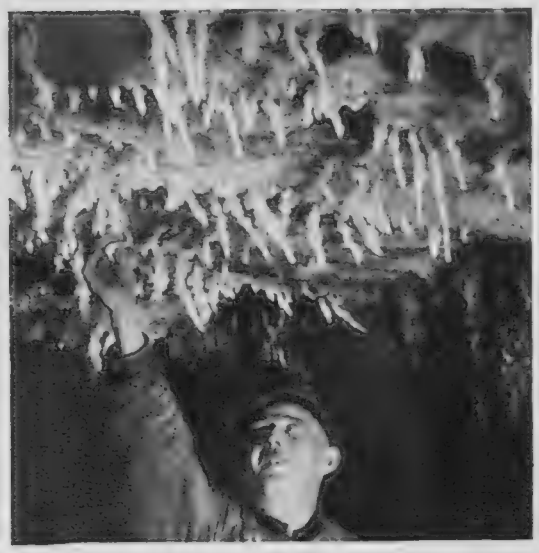
Two years ago, when faced with a serious fall in production, the Soviet staged a mass trial of specialists as a prelude to a raging propaganda campaign, urging the proletariat to work harder and defeat the plotters. Incidentally, I have definite proof that at least two of the specialists sentenced at this trial to long terms of imprisonment have been on parole since 1930 supervising the construction of a steel mill. To-day the Soviet is faced with another serious fall in production and the necessity for another propaganda drive. So another mass trial is being staged, at which Britain as ever will be depicted as the arch-plotter against Russia.

IN THE SALT MINES OF SCHÖNEBECK

New Pictures of Germany's Underground Palaces of Crystal

Each of the bell-shaped rooms of this mine resembles the interior of some fantastic fairy palace as the illuminations are reflected many thousands of times from the crystal walls. Very little machinery is to be seen in the mine as the work is carried out under the simplest conditions

SPRAYING OPERATIONS: Holes are bored into the walls of the mine, a waterspout enlarges them, and the salt water is carried down to the basin below

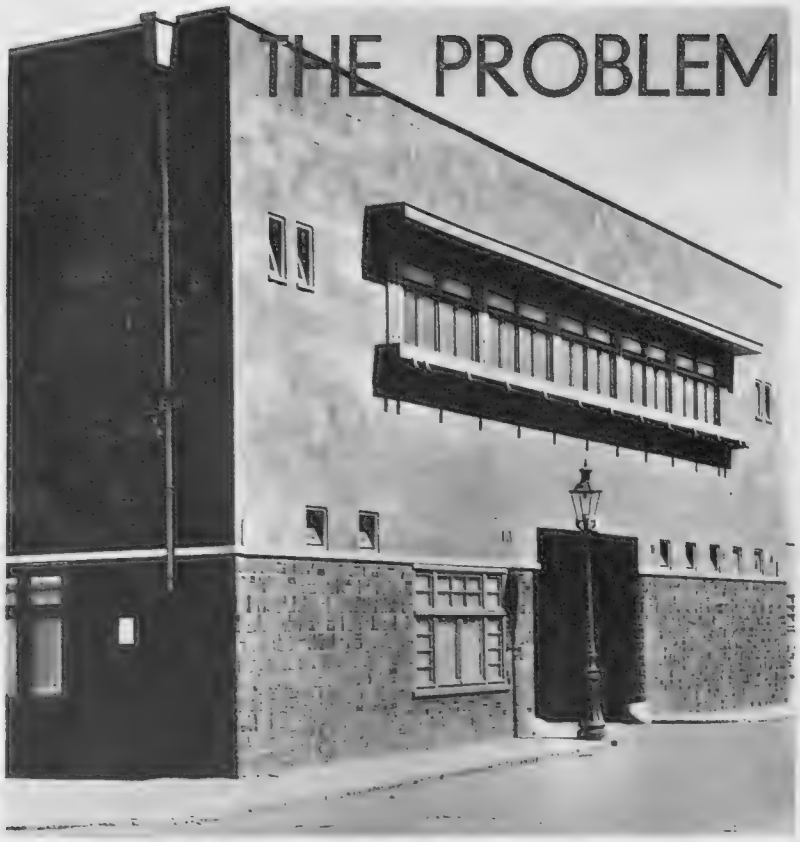


SALINE STALACTITES: Water which has percolated through the roof of the mine frequently forms these unusual grotesque salt-shapes

Right—The salt lake, about 445 metres below ground, to which the water which has been sprayed on the walls of the mine flows down specially prepared channels. It is then pumped to the surface in readiness for boiling. This process completed, only the pure salt remains

THE PROBLEM of the "BAD TENANT"

The Strange Housing Estate at Asterdorp where Amsterdam Caters for the Incurable Slum Dweller



ENTRANCE TO THE ASTERDORP ESTATE: Until lately this was the only gateway to the estate—a factor of considerable assistance to the police

MOTHER OF EIGHT: A resident of Asterdorp outside one of the estate's architecturally severe dwelling-houses

THE DOORLESS BOUNDARY WALL: How the entrances to the homes on the estate are all made to face inwards. Asterdorp, for this reason, is almost a walled city

THE ESTATE FROM THE OUTSIDE: The city lies on the desolate flats some distance from Amsterdam on a dreary waste of what was once barren ground

WITHIN THE WALLS: These strange horizontally designed houses are the work of a modern architect. The estate at Asterdorp has accommodation for 133 families

Amsterdam has been called the "tidiest city in Europe," and the municipality to-day is setting out to make their modern housing schemes safe for those who can appreciate their amenities. Logically and doggedly they are tackling not only the problem of condemned dwellings (among which have been those particularly terrible basements that, in Amsterdam, are actually below sea level), but the equally grave question of that irreducible minimum of apparently incurable "slum dwellers" . . . they have constructed especially for these, in the modern style, two "strait jacket" housing estates that are designed *for families of low culture, such that they cannot be admitted into proper municipal houses.*

This is the wording of the official report; and the town printing office produces illustrated reports in four languages for the benefit of interested students.

As an essential part of the municipal plan (under a Government loan and grant) for the rehousing of the tenants evicted from their condemned homes, there are two of these macabre "estates"—appearing at first sight only rather grim architectural parodies of modernity—which on examination seem to serve a very definite and useful purpose as "strait jacket" housing to isolate the new and excellent estates from contamination by the slum-minded.

These two estates account for some 189 houses between them, and the larger, Asterdorp (so optimistically misnamed), has accommodation for 133 families at rentals that vary from about 6s. to about 10s. a week. From the two estates at the time of the last returns only some twenty families have been allowed to leave and occupy houses in the new garden cities.

Asterdorp has really to be seen to be believed; it is planted carefully outside the city proper in a dreary waste of ash-tracks and railway lines in a setting of canals and with a grim background of factories and shipyards beyond. It is a "walled city," squat, designed on modern lines, stream-lined and simple, and had, until last year, but one entrance. The reason for this the official who took the writer round gave with an expressive shrug "It is easier for the police. . . ." And three categories of police patrol that "city" — the Municipal "gendarmerie," the Morals' Police in mufti, and the famous and unique Kinderpolitie, also in mufti (the Children's Police), who are definitely concerned in salvaging the future from the squalor of the present.

It is difficult to gain admittance to the houses; those designed especially to render cleansing easy and to eliminate chance of vermin are stark in their simplicity until the tenants clutter them up with every variety of household god, including fantastic decoration and the inevitable radio and gramophone. These people are not desperately poor, *but desperately feckless.*

In one house we find a mother, father, and eight children living in three bedrooms and a sitting-room; the rooms are a good size and the windows large; the cooking and the sanitary arrangements are excellently designed. The family is one of the best (says the official) in the estate; but this does not prevent the bedrooms from being almost unprintably dirty and the sink cluttered up with soiled crockery and rags. The husband is an unemployed seaman, living (he says) on a total income of some 28s. a week; he speaks tolerable English. The children are surprisingly bonny and, relative to their home, clean. The mother is cheerful and—if not house-proud—*family-proud;* they all seem perfectly content with their background.

Easily cleaned, easily controlled and definitely "unbreakable"—in Asterdorp the architect has very sensibly designed a suitable background for the very-nearly-hopeless tenant, the bane of the decent landlord in every country.

HOW JAPAN ADVANCED THROUGH JEHOL

JAPANESE TROOPS MAKE THE BEST OF ARCTIC WEATHER CONDITIONS: Soldiers taking their mid-day meal during the Japanese advance through Jehol Province which ended on March 4 with the capture of Jehol City. Tang Yu-lin, the Governor, and the Chinese defenders had taken flight the day previously, and only in a few instances did the Japanese forces meet with serious opposition. The chief obstacle in their path was clearly the severe weather. The troops, however, were all well equipped with face protectors against the cold and there was little loss of life on the Japanese side

JAPANESE-TRAINED MANCHUKUAN TROOPS ASSIST IN THE CAMPAIGN: A detachment of Manchukuans on their hardy highland ponies sets out to assist the Japanese in their drive through Jehol. These mounted troops, commanded by Manchukuan Generals, proved of great service in the campaign

WAR FEVER IN TOKYO: Forty-five thousand ex-servicemen parade at Yasukuni shrine, near the Emperor's Palace, to celebrate their country's secession from the League and the Japanese advance through Jehol

MANCHUKUAN TROOPS IN THEIR MOTLEY UNIFORMS: A section of Manchukuan troops, the first trained by the Japanese, seen at Chinchow before their departure for the Front. Although dressed in a variety of hastily collected uniforms these troops are highly disciplined. They played an important part in the final advance to the Great Wall, which resulted in the only really serious engagement of the campaign. One detachment at Chienping disarmed over 5,000 Chinese, while at Sulchung Manchukuans forced the surrender of highly-trained Chinese regulars

AFRICA CALLING: By FERDINAND TUOHY

As Europe's Birth-Rate Increases, Unemployment Grows, and the Products of the Machine Find no Adequate Outlet, Eyes are Turned with ever Increasing Interest to the Vast Undeveloped Continent of Africa—a Possible Market and a Possible Home for Europe's Surplus Population

A NATIVE TYPE: A Sudanese housewife crushes her wheat with a wooden pestle

Europe's birth-rate increase last year, over 1931, was 8,000,000. Its emigration figure has fallen to an average of 300,000 a year. A healthy total would apparently be nearer 3,000,000. Concurrently, European unemployment shows some 20,000,000 out of work, or merely able to nibble at such; and we see a continent gorged with raw materials and manufactures, packed with machinery and factories and, by no means least, suffering from an indigestion of idle-lying, unproductive capital.

Elbow-room; a chance to get a fresh move on; the big view, to set things in motion on undeveloped territories; an end to this arbitrary bottling-up; access to these territories, potential places in the sun and safety valves for an overcrowded and over-produced Europe!

It is a safe bet that we shall hear more and more in this line in the times ahead. Also, that some of the schemes propounded will be more wondrous than realizable.

It is so easy, for example, to go off the deep end in relation to that first field of expansion most of us think of: Africa. Lots of people are looking across at Africa these days. What a country—probably a hundred times the size of England and with only half-a-dozen inhabitants or so to the square mile. (Europe has nearer sixty.) Inexhaustible raw materials, minerals, edibles, if only taken properly in hand. And but 4,000,000 white emigrants there—perhaps a few more—at any rate, three-quarters of them in French North Africa and the Cape. In the whole rest of the immensity a scattering of some 300,000 Europeans!

Italy and Germany are both positively staring at Africa. The latter has no colonies, 64,000,000 inhabitants crushed at approximately a hundred to the square mile, 6,000,000 unemployed, and what hopes? France is thinking and writing about Africa and its possible usage to relieve the intolerable European strain. At Geneva the Colonial Minister, M. Sarraut, sent up a ballon d'essai in the shape of a consortium project associating countries without colonies in a general plan for African development. M. Caillaux has for some time made himself the champion of a "mise en valeur du vaste continent noir que la nature a placé dans notre dépendance."

Ourselves at present display chiefly an aerial reaction; yet it is symptomatic.

What may be the substance of it all? Is Africa really calling or is it just siren stuff calculated to leave us, in the upshot, on the rocks—those perpetual coastal reefs which have made this the least approachable of continents? Here we are, we Europeans, already glutted with everything—whatever do we want to go opening up Africa for, more than it is already? Promoting additional saturation? Even as things are, it is beginning to knock us. On the reverse of the medal, native wants are few—there are about 140,000,000 natives and a good many of these are already in the temperate or white orbit. What could the others profit us, sunk as they are in lethargy and sickness, wedded to their mud huts and witch doctors, their rice, milk, bananas, corn, palm wine, amid jungle, swamp, and flood? They don't want our "perks"! They simply haven't got the grey matter, nor the desire to turn from laze and lechery. It is as easy to be discouraging about Africa as it is to go off that deep end. It is even easier to be cynical. To cite the Black Man's Burden, the harsh and greedy exploitation and grievous moral hurt that an implanted civilization brought to Africa in the nineteenth century. The natives were chanting on their plots; we overrode their customs, treated their chiefs as slaves, called their religion superstition, taught them to drink alcohol, pushed them into the mines, confiscated wholesale; in a sentence, Europe separated Africa's myriad tribes from their stored-up, natural, and free past, giving quinine in return. In 1877, Leopold II summoned a congress in Brussels whose purpose was to launch a "scientific and humanitarian crusade" in Africa. Roger Casement was an expert on the sequel.

Any idea of sudden emigration is out of the question: even in the habitable high country Africa is not ready to receive it. Similarly, the preparation of Africa for European expansion does not consist of blindly throwing rails, motors, machines, the whole so-familiar gamut of Progress, across the Mediterranean. If anything worth while is to eventuate, Europe's haphazard methods in regard to her own development will require to be studiously avoided. We are in the Age of Planning. Africa remains still widely virginal. The part of wisdom would seem to be to respect the favouring fact.

The new conception of Africa differs from the old in regard to the rôle to be enacted by the native. That the European future may well want these dusky sons and daughters rather more as purchasing power than as so much cheaply-paid labour toiling for the white man and his dividends is the viewpoint of that great African, Lyautey, whose dream is of the natives standing by themselves, having duly benefited by a judicious white re-penetration under four heads: political, hygienic, missionary, scientific. Lyautey believes in training the native to administration and in respecting native life and habits as far as this can possibly be done. The native must be fortified, in property, tradition, body. Such is the only sound basis of African development leading to eventual further white colonization. Moreover, this latter can only come about by the methodical introduction of a carefully thought-out grand plan based on co-operation between the seven countries on the scene or likely shortly to be there: Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Germany. Heretofore co-ordination of effort has been signally lacking, each tending to tug his own way. Prestige has deflected things.

"One can envisage a permanent Euro-african Conference sitting in the opening years," enthuses M. Guernier, author of *L'Afrique, Champ d'Expansion de l'Europe*, and determining the great transafrican line and its branches, the creation of navigable canals and waterways in the equatorial zone of the Congo, Niger, and Zambesi, of a far-flung system of road transport, of telegraph, telephone, and aerial lines, of radio-electric centres, and of water power, including irrigation barrages, also of hydraulic power for agriculture and industry, finally the construction of harbours, hospitals, schools, scientific institutes, and homes for natives." Whereas capital followed emigration to the United States, the process must be reversed with Africa, and the moment for the capital to get busy is approaching. In forging the immense material necessary, European industrial unemployment would be lessened. The first emigration would comprise "shock troops," i.e. engineers, constructors, and builders of all kinds, and sanitary forces. Only when this advance army had bestowed a greatly improved standard of living on the natives would the real migration from Europe commence, having as object the turning of the newly-equipped Africa to account. Africa would have had the very last word, electrification looming largely.

Not everyone will share so roseate a view. One may find it hard not to point to the terrible twins, climate and disease, or to instance the tremendous obstacles constituted by deserts, swamps, forests, mountains, not to mention three months' rain. "What you amateurs appear to overlook," said a white "African," duly approached with awe, "is that so much of the country is definitely not habitable by white people unless they kept continuously shooting off to temperate climates to recuperate. White women and children would be ruled out even at that. I don't see much chance except, perhaps, in the centre. If you draw a line, say, from north of Lobito across Angola, through Katanga, thence across the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau to the East Africa coast south of Kismayu, there might be a chance of white colonization on a fairly extensive scale. The other possible places are full already. I don't want to crab this business, but one doesn't want to throw away vast sums of money."

The Italian review, *Oltramare*, which has made an extensive study of the subject, fixes on much the same latitudes:—

"Excluding temperate Africa (Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, Egypt, the Cape), already over-populated, and also tropical Africa whose climatic conditions render European habitation impossible, only High Africa, the extensive regions from 3,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. above sea level, can be expected to diminish our problems. Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Katanga, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Angola, could be made to absorb European emigration such as formerly settled South Africa and Australia. These fertile and satisfactorily populated territories offer excellent conditions for a big white colonization. Abyssinia only less so."

A rather more optimistic (German) source contends that the interior is capable of more development than South America or Australia. "Asia is gradually being closed to Europe. Also much of America. Europe must do what it can with the rich possession at its door. Communications, transport, and the application of modern science could work a transformation. What, for example, is there to prevent Europeans living in refrigerator-bungalows? One day our children will be flying to the Niger as we go now to the Riviera—and they will find everything beautifully cool there." (Michael Arlen has a similar vision in his latest novel.)

French experts are even greater fans, holding that North Africa and the Cape could assimilate 2,000,000, and 1,000,000 additional European emigrants in the next fifty years, and that even the forbidding lowlands could be settled by a round 1,000,000 whites instead of 60,000 as at present, after science and medicine have won through. As for High Africa, an ultimate colonization of but twelve to the square kilometre would mean an outlet for 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 Europeans.

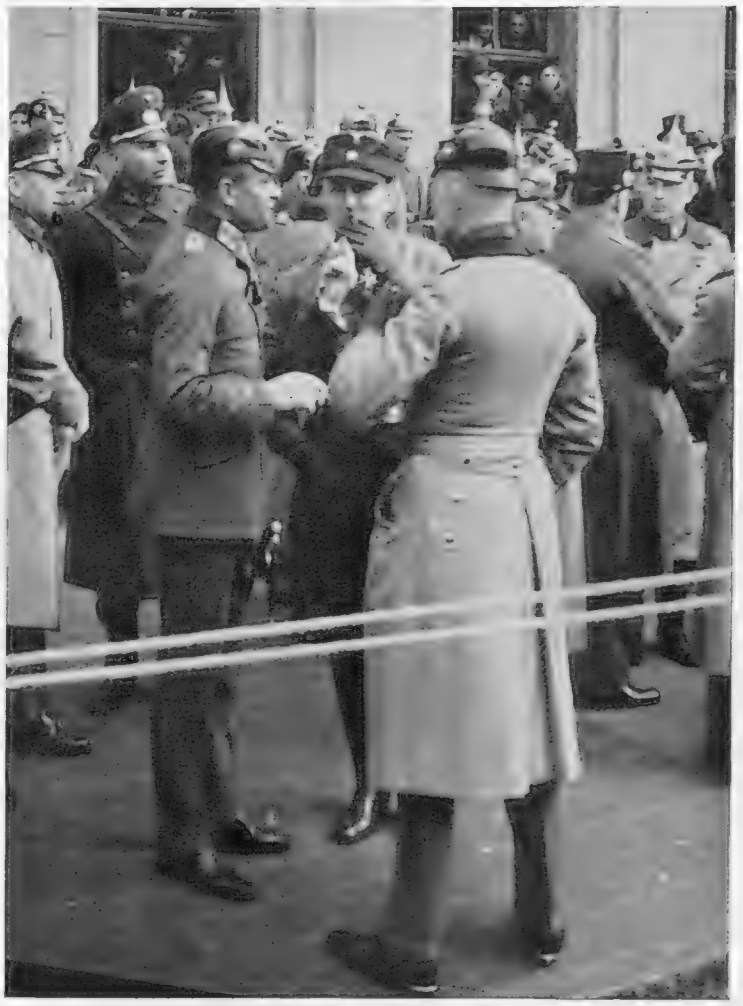
A good deal of this is probably *far* too optimistic. A case in point: the projected £25,000,000 trans-Sahara railway is hanging fire because experts are at loggerheads as to whether it would have any traffic worth considering. Nevertheless, the crux of the matter is that there is an unmistakable accession of interest in Africa in face of the emigration dilemma and the effect of machinism.

For closing, I revert to my white "African":—"What you want is a wonder-maker to change the climate." Pause. "Still, I suppose after wireless anything could happen." New pause. "Yes, I suppose there's no reason why science couldn't get away with another miracle in Africa. If you foretold fifty years ago that one white man would die in Sierra Leone in twelve months they'd have told you to take more soda with it. Still, that's what happened."

THE DUSKY DANCERS OF ZANZIBAR: With their whitened faces and feathered head-dresses these dusky dancers provide an entertaining sight for visitors to the picturesque little island off the East African coast

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR ATTENDS MASS: Herr von Papen (centre) seen leaving the Roman Catholic Church in Potsdam prior to the ceremony in the Garrison Church, the burial place of Frederick the Great, on the day of the historic opening of the Reichstag. Hitler, whom many will be surprised to learn is a Roman Catholic, did not attend the first ceremony with his Cabinet colleagues



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT: Officers of the old Imperial Army in full dress uniform, with a member of the Brown army, await the arrival of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg in front of the Garrison Church at Potsdam. Uniforms had become tight and helmets small during the passage of the years

PAINTING THE OLD IMPERIAL COLOURS ON GERMAN MILITARY HELMETS: With Germany's official re-adoption by a Presidential decree of the black, white, and red tricolour of the Empire, the army has been busy making the necessary changes on helmets and equipment

MR. MacDONALD'S DISTINGUISHED PILOT: General Balbo, the Italian Minister for Air, at the controls of the 'plane in which he flew the British Prime Minister and Miss MacDonald from Genoa to Rome for the meeting with Signor Mussolini

AWAITING THE CARDINAL: A group of old ladies, residents of a home for the aged in the rue Picpus, Paris, await the arrival of Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, who, assisted by the Sisters of the Poor, made a distribution of soup to the inmates

OTHER COUNTRIES, OTHER CUSTOMS: M. Lucien Colin and M. Boulloux-Lafont, head of the Aeropostale Company, indulge in a heated argument in the dock during their trial at Paris Assizes

THE MORTUARY CHESTS

Of the Saxon Kings at Winchester

BONES OF THE FIRST CHRISTIAN KING OF WESSEX: The chest containing the remains of King Cynegils who planned the building of Winchester Cathedral, but died in A.D. 643 before the work had been begun. *Right*—Chest containing the bones of King Kenulph (died A.D. 714), son of Cynegils, and those of King Egbert (died A.D. 839). Egbert was the grandfather of Alfred the Great

COMMEMORATING A GREAT BENEFACTOR: A chest on the south side of the cathedral holding the remains of King Canute, Queen Emma, King Rufus, and Bishops Wina and Alwyn. Canute was a great benefactor to the cathedral, bequeathing land and treasure, and was buried in the precincts with his wife Emma, whose first husband had been Ethelred the Unready. She was the mother of Edward the Confessor

Now Refurbished in all the Splendour of their Early Colouring

Every cathedral has some special distinction, something which differentiates it from others and gives it a note of its own. Even those of us who are least knowledgeable on architectural matters are at once struck, in Winchester Cathedral, with two points of great interest—the huge, unimpeded length of the splendid perpendicular nave, and the vivid contrast of the simple, rugged Norman transepts. We discover, however, when we begin the examination of the monuments that Winchester's unique distinction lies, not in its architecture, but in its possession of the mortuary chests of the Saxon kings.

These mortuary chests have recently been cleaned and are now to be seen in all the beauty of the rich painting, and gilding, and fine carving of the Renaissance period. The four chests of Bishop Fox have inner shells, also of wood, painted and decorated. The two later chests, made in 1661, are copies of the older ones and are without inner cases. Nearly sixty years ago the chests received the careful attention of the late Mr. Francis Baigent, who washed away the thick coating of dust and made exact drawings. He found the inner shells to be as brilliant in colouring as when the decorator finished them nearly 350 years ago. And now Professor Tristram has brought his new method of cleaning (which has done such wonders for Westminster Abbey) to the task of cleaning, and once again the mortuary chests stand out in their original beauty.

These chests, six in number, rest on the top of the stone choir screen, and here the verger collects his group of visitors and makes us pause while he tells us of the founder of the church and the early benefactors who were once rulers of Saxon England. He runs over their names, and we try to recall our school days when Egbert and Alfred and Ethelred the Unready were not quite so hazy in our memories as they are to-day. We gaze at these painted wooden boxes—4 ft. 8 in. long and 3 ft. high—and think "sad stories of the death of kings," as we hear of Cynegils, the founder; Egbert; pious King Edred; great King Canute and his Norman queen, Emma, and of William Rufus, whose dust and bones are said to lie within the chests. We let our thoughts go far back to the year 635, when Cynegils was converted by St. Birinus and became the first Christian King of Wessex, and in gratitude planned a cathedral at Winchester worthy of the saintly bishop. He died before he had time to do more than collect materials for the building, but his son, Kenulph, carried out his father's wishes and built the first church at Winchester, in which he and his father were buried. The other Saxon kings, whose names are on the chests, are all of the family of Alfred the Great, though he himself lay in a fine sarcophagus in Hyde Abbey nearby, till his bones and dust were scattered when the abbey was ruthlessly destroyed at the dissolution of the monasteries.

But when the verger begins to tell us of Canute, we all look intelligent, for none of us has forgotten the story of the king and his flattering courtiers by the seashore. It is said that he would never again wear the golden crown he wore that day, but bequeathed it to the cathedral, to which he was a great benefactor, giving land and treasure, besides a magnificent shrine for the relics of St. Birinus.

It is usual to speak of the "resting" places of the royal dust of kings, but this term can hardly be applied to these early monarchs, who had been shifted about from place to place, as the church at Winchester was taken down and rebuilt, first by the Normans, and later on, almost entirely remodelled, some 200 years later. Bishop Henry of Blois (d. 1171) collected the bones of the kings and placed them in chests, but it was Bishop Fox (d. 1528) of whom we are chiefly reminded, for it was he who had these particular chests made, placing them on top of the new choir screen which he had just erected. There were eight chests then, four on each side, and there for a time they rested. John Evelyn, the diarist, saw them in 1642, when he was paying a visit to Winchester, and was much impressed. He wrote in his journal, "I visited the Castle, Schole, Church, King Arthur's Round Table, but specially the church and its Saxon King's monuments, which I thought a worthy antiquity."

In that very same year, 1642, the Civil War broke out, and on December 14 the cathedral suffered a senseless outrage on the part of the army of the Parliament. An account written in 1685 describes how the soldiers entered the cathedral, some of their troops of horse riding up the nave to the choir, where they started to destroy. "Having wreaked their fury on the beautiful chantries, they flung down several of the Mortuary Chests, wherein were deposited the bones of bishops, and scattered the bones all over the pavement of the church. The like they do to the bones of Wm. Rufus, of Queen Emma, and others, and were about to practise the like impiety on the bones of the Saxon kings. But the outcry of the people, detesting so great inhumanity, caused some of their commanders to come in amongst them, and to restrain their madness."

It appears that four of the eight chests were destroyed, but that the bones were collected and were subsequently placed in two new chests, which are dated 1661. Of course there was no longer any certainty as to the bones, and so the inscription on one side of the new chests reads: "In this chest and in the one opposite to it on the other side are the remains of Cnut and Rufus Kings, and of Emma Queen, of Wina, and Alwyn Bishop."

As regards William Rufus, Bishop Fox seemed to be quite certain that his bones lay alongside those of Canute, but tradition has long ascribed the Norman tomb, beneath the tower, to Rufus, whose body, "dripping gore all the way," had been conveyed from the New Forest.

B. H.

INTERIOR OF A MORTUARY CHEST: An elaborately painted inner coffin the embellishment of which is almost as perfect in its natural colouring as when first completed. A sight seldom seen by visitors to the cathedral

THE CANUTE REMAINS: Another view of the chest, showing in closer detail the magnificent embellishment, which has recently been refurbished and revealed in all its delicate colouring

THE KING EDMUND CHEST: Commemorating the eldest son of Alfred the Great who, as the Latin inscription indicates, ruled while his father was still alive

PIOUS KING EDRED: The tomb of the son of Edward the Elder and grandson of Alfred the Great, who devoted a great period of his life to religion. His death occurred in A.D. 955

NEWS out of GREENWICH

BOYS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL BID GOOD-BYE TO HISTORIC GREENWICH: Headed by their band the cadets march through the school yard past an old battleship of the days of sail as they leave for their holidays. When the new term begins the school will assemble at Holbrook, Suffolk, where a building is now ready for occupation. Part of the school at Greenwich, which stands opposite the Palace, is to house the National Naval and Nautical Museum

THE RAILWAY MOVES THE FLEET: The London and North Eastern Railway are busy on a very heavy removal task, that of transferring the contents of the Royal Naval School to the new buildings at Holbrook. One of the model ships, the largest of which weighs 2 tons, is seen being transferred to a lorry. It has been safely conveyed to Holbrook by road

A DELICATE OPERATION: The *Yashima*, a Japanese model battleship used by the cadets for instructional purposes, is brought out into the school yard for transference to Holbrook. The famous school has been at Greenwich for over 200 years, and the removal of the furnishings and equipment is naturally a task of some magnitude. Over 800 bedsteads and a large quantity of kitchen equipment are among the effects being moved

THE GREENWICH PAGEANT: The staging in the square of the Royal Naval College which is being erected for the Pageant. The King and Queen, and other members of the Royal Family have all promised to attend. The final act will show the last home-coming of Nelson

NELSON DETHRONED: The bronze bust of the great commander in course of removal from the square of the Royal Naval College, where it makes way for the staging of the Naval Pageant

LONDON PARADES

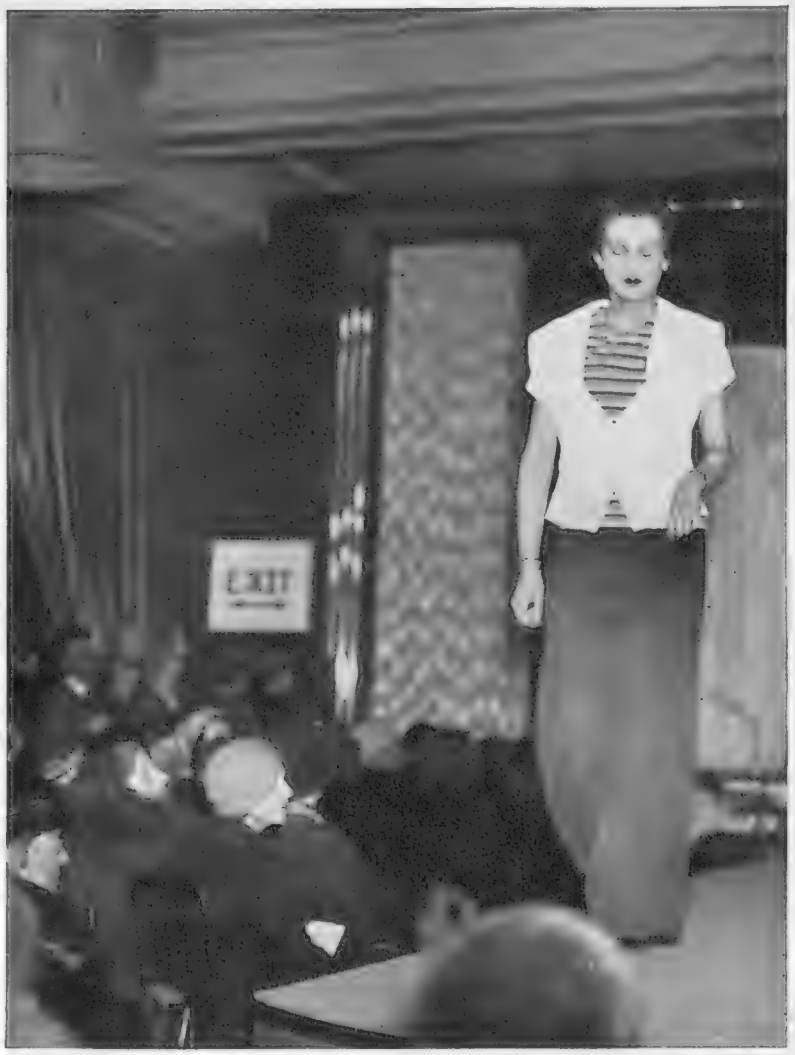
Camera Studies in Fashion's Metropolis

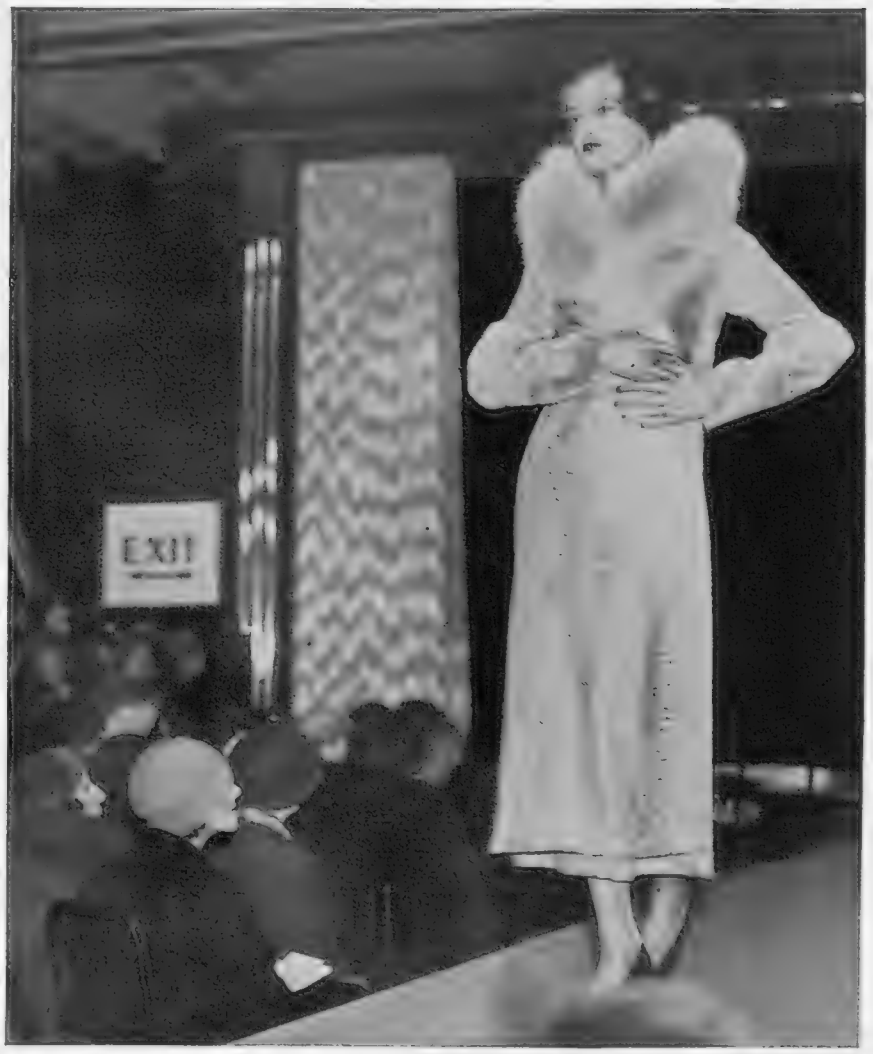
Above — Jaeger's Ltd. hold their Spring Dress Show at their new premises. *Oval on left:* Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Stewart Browne at the dress show

The mannish fashion was a feature of Jaeger's Spring display. Mrs. Peter Quennell and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, in jolly humour, are seen, with a friend, wearing this much discussed style

Left—Miss Dorothy Hyson displays a new creation at Selfridge's, where a number of young Society girls acted as mannequins during the firm's twenty-fourth anniversary celebrations

Mannequins at Jaeger's show the coming summer modes in bathing dresses during the firm's Spring Dress Show in their Oxford Street premises. Essentially a female gathering





Above—Lady Bridgett Poulett as one of Society's mannequins shows an effective beach kit. *Left:* Lady Mount Temple, Lady Isobel Wodehouse, Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale, Lady Muriel Beckwith, the Hon. Mrs. Rodney, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, Evelyn Lady Alington, and Lady Lavery were among the notabilities present at Jaeger's Spring Show

Mrs. Betty Colclough, another Society leader, shows a new fur-trimmed model at the Selfridge fashion parade last week

LEG-ROWING GOLDEN BUDD

A

THE LEG-ROWERS OF UPPER BURMA: A boat-load of Buddhist monks rowing down one of the channels of the Inlé Lake. Although handicapped by their clinging clothes, which make leg action somewhat irregular, the rowers can put on a great turn of speed

THE ANNUAL CEREMONY IN PROGRESS: The Sawbwa's barge, which head four gold-leaved figures of the Buddha, and once a year it is taken over the swaying silk umbrellas, escorts the images on a gilded carri

BURMA'S REGATTA WEEK: The shrine, now empty of images, is towed in by two long boats of leg-rowers. Before the images are transferred the channel is a mass of small craft filled with villagers who have come to worship

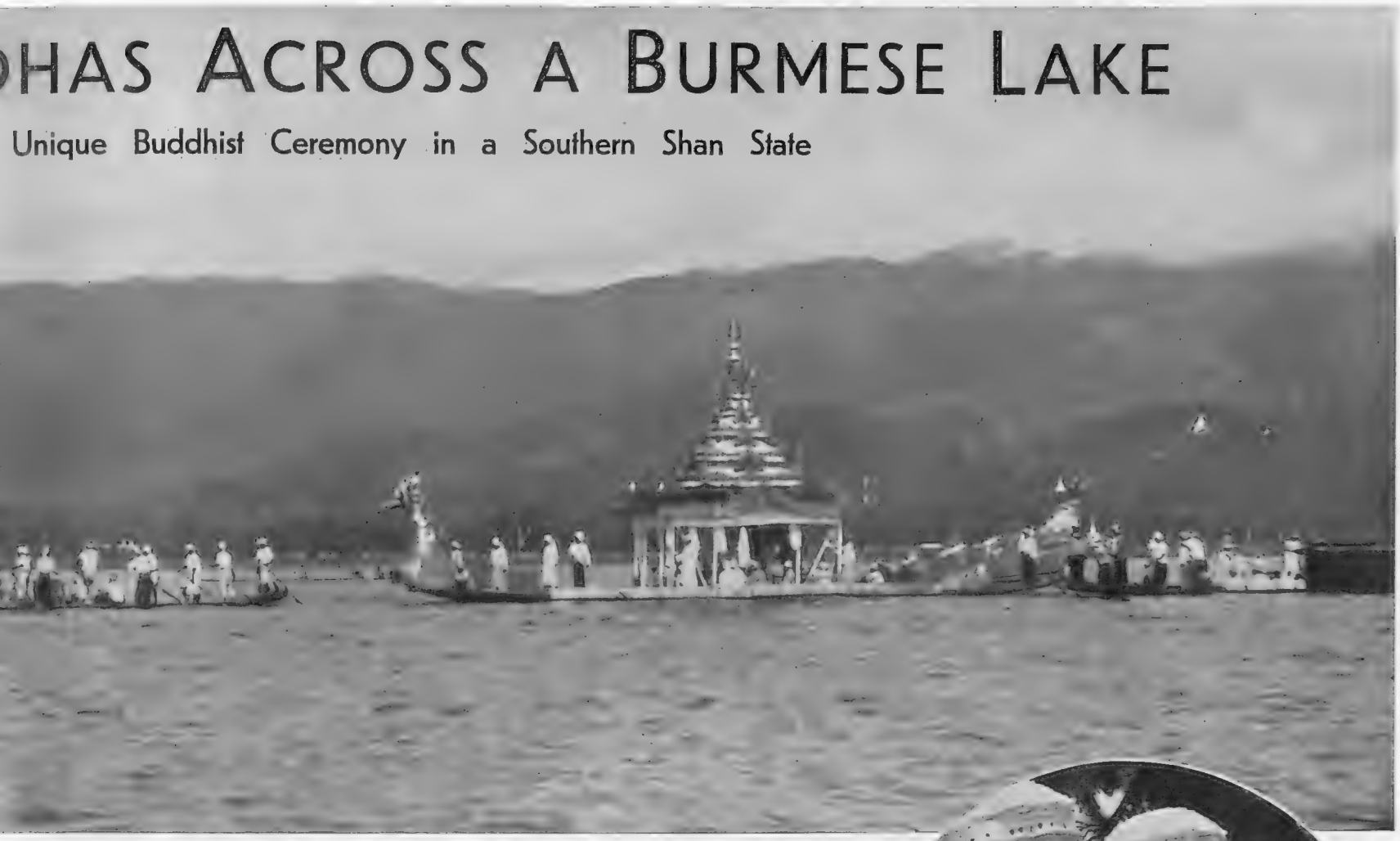
A MIRACULOUS FEAT OF BALANCE: A closer view of the leg-rowers in action on one of the ordinary small lake boats which carry two or four oarsmen. The rowers stand on one leg and twist the other round the paddle, then with a sharp jerk of the leg they describe a complete half circle. The boat is said to move far more swiftly than when propelled with the arms

In the Southern Shan State of Yawnghwe there takes place once a year a Buddhist ceremonial which is in many respects unique. On the southern shore of the Inlé lake is a shrine containing four gold-leaved figures of the Buddha, and annually these are taken across the water to receive homage in Yawnghwe and the various lake villages. The manner in which these figures are rowed to Yawnghwe forms a seemingly miraculous feat of balance on the part of the natives, and if not actually pictured might be regarded by many as a mere traveller's tale. The shrine is mounted on the barge and the rowers, standing on one leg, twist the other round the paddle, and propel the boat through the water at a speed which might well put to discomfort a well-trained 'Varsity eight. As the procession of boats leaves the southern shore (many of the hill folk come down to take part in the celebrations), another retinue approaches from Yawnghwe, headed by the Sawbwa's (ruling chief's) barge.

When the two processions meet silken umbrellas are unfurled, and with due reverence the images are transferred to the Sawbwa's care. The barges now proceed towards Yawnghwe, and amid the beating of drums and gongs a tremendous crowd greets them at the landing stage. But for the Oriental setting it might be Eights' week on the Isis so crowded is the channel and so tense the enthusiasm. Yet another procession then forms and the images in their casket are placed on a gilded carriage and, followed by the Sawbwa and attendant acolytes, are borne to a specially-prepared building, where they remain the object of worship for two days. During this time the whole town is *en fête*. Thousands bring their offerings to the kyaung, and the whole scene pulsates with colour and the continuous low murmur of chanted prayers. It is one of the Orient's most gorgeous ceremonies.

ɔHAS ACROSS A BURMESE LAKE

Unique Buddhist Ceremony in a Southern Shan State



s the procession, is towed by a large boat of leg-rowers across the lake. A second barge holds the shrine of the lake to receive homage in Yawnghwe and the various lake villages. *Inset*—The procession, holding aloft age to a native kyaung (building), where they remain for two days to receive offerings and worship

TRANSFERRING THE IMAGES IN MID-LAKE: The silken umbrellas being unfurled in readiness for the ceremony of transferring the images from one barge to another. The umbrellas shroud the proceedings from the onlookers so that it is impossible to see the figures actually being taken out. As the two processions approach, the rowers put on a tremendous burst of speed accompanied by an outburst of singing and chanting. Collisions are averted with amazing skill as the boats come alongside. As the Sawbwa receives the images the surrounding crowds bow their heads deeply in reverence. The ceremony is to these simple hill folk the most important of the year

BARGAINS IN BABIES

"SIX PRECIOUS SOULS AND ALL AGOG": A charming picture from Castlebar, the Sydenham home of the Child's Adoption Association

A Visit to Castlebar, the Home of the National Child's Adoption Association at Sydenham, Recently Brought into the Limelight by the Queen's Visit

By CHARLES GRAVES

If it is not presumptuous to say so, the Queen has seldom done a kinder action than that of making a public visit a few days ago to a large old-fashioned-looking house on Sydenham Hill. Its name is Castlebar, and it is the show window of the National Child's Adoption Association which was originally founded to take care of those much advertised war babies.

Until recently adoption organizations were looked at very much askance by members of the public. Baby farming is an ugly phrase. They suspected that they were all run for the benefit of the organizations themselves, and indeed there is every good reason to except this Association from the general run of similarly named societies. I have been given appalling instances of girls of seventeen or eighteen who, having had their babies adopted, have been made to pay out as much as £60 at the rate of a few shillings a week to the organizer. Foster mothers, too, who advertise in the newspapers often need a very careful investigation. They will agree for the sum of £20 or so to take permanent care of an unwanted child, and then, three months later, will more or less blackmail the unfortunate mother into giving more and more for the upkeep of the child.

THE QUEEN OPENS THE HOSTEL: Her Majesty, with the matron, makes a tour of inspection after opening the new buildings

In the case of the National Child's Adoption Association, which has been brought so much into the limelight by the Queen's visit, there is no question of payment or remuneration either to the prospective new parents or to the organization, nor, of course, to the original parents of the children who are to be adopted. It is all done "for love." Incidentally, the large majority of the children are born in wedlock.

Before going out to Castlebar I paid a visit to the General Secretary in Sloane Street, and my appetite for curious information and statistics was glutted to the full. First of all, the statement was laid before me of an official in the Kensington branch of the Public Assistance Department of the London County Council to the effect that the cost of a child in this area whose support falls on the local rates in infancy until it is able to earn its own living is no less than £1,185 18s. 6d. This figure is arrived at as follows:

Three years in nursery at £1 1s. 4d. per week, £166 8s.; thirteen years at school at £1 10s. 2d. per week, £1,019 10s. 6d.

THE QUEEN WITH LITTLE SHEILA: Seventy-five people want this little girl

By contrast, the number of children adopted by the National Child's Adoption Association in 1931–1932 (the last year for the full accounts) was 254, and the average cost per child was £21 7s., the total expenditure being only £5,424. No wonder that the L.C.C. decided, shortly after this report was made public, to go into the matter of adoption very thoroughly. They would have been fools not to have followed so excellent an example and thus save so much money.

But leaving money aside, let us look at the type of people who allow their children to be adopted and who wish to adopt those of others. At the present minute there are 200 people in this country anxious to adopt children, of whom fifty are "urgent" cases. They include the clerk of a town council who gives his salary as not less than £2,000 a year; an insurance broker who quotes the same figure as his minimum annual income; a taxi-cab driver who assesses his earnings at £200 a year; a farmer who rates at £500 a year; and a number of doctors, solicitors, schoolmistresses, provision merchants, company directors, clergymen, and others with incomes between £400 and £1,500.

The parents of the children who are down for adoption include a Commander in the Navy, a regular Army Colonel, a Major, and numbers of business people who have one child too many for their income. Sometimes, to use a euphemism, the child is distinctly unwanted by the parent or parents, and in the form which has to be filled in is a query as to whether they were even engaged at the time of the child's birth. A curious point is that while the first illegitimate child is entirely acceptable for adoption, the Association will not permit the second little love-child to be adopted, as that might be thought pandering to illegal unions.

It is pleasant to remember in this instance that as soon as a child is legally adopted nowadays a new birth certificate is issued by Somerset House from which any taint of its bastardy is removed and the child becomes for all time the official offspring of its new parents. The only difference is that these children cannot be left entailed property. On the other hand, no prospective parents can adopt a child without guaranteeing a suitable guardian after they are dead, and enough money for the child to live in comfort. Already—for the Association has been in existence for only sixteen years—one girl has been left over £1,000 a year. Another has had £4,000 a year settled on her when her adopted parents die, and dozens have been left £500 or £600 a year—the perfect amount in so far as it guarantees a certain amount of security, and yet is not so much that the legatee would not want to increase it by work.

"The vast majority of prospective parents," said Mrs. Plummer, the secretary, "are between the ages of thirty-one and thirty-five, and 95 per cent. of them want a blue-eyed baby girl with fair hair between the ages of one and three. Boy babies are nothing like so popular. The prospective mothers realize, I suppose, that the small boy will soon play games and go to school, whereas they can keep the little girls at home for companionship. You see, many of the women are love-hungry. They may be unmarried women, or married women who have lost their only child or who have never had any children.

"Are the children likely to be spoilt? Yes and no. Actually a number of the parents come again and again to adopt children. There is a wealthy couple who live just outside London, and who in 1921 adopted what they called a League of Nations family. They got us to find them an English child, a French child, a Belgian, a South American, and an Italian. They sent me a photograph of them only a month ago, and the children look immensely happy. The odd experiment seems to have been a complete success. Another couple, in India, has twice sent for a pair: a girl and a boy each time. Many parents take three children at intervals of a year or two. But where there are already children we try to persuade the prospective parents to take a child of the opposite sex to the youngest of the existing family to prevent jealousy. By the way, bachelors and widowers are not allowed by us to adopt children. We feel, with a possible series of housekeepers coming and going, there would not be suitable maternal care."

Often, I learnt, the Association discovers that unsuitable people wish for children, and so a very vigorous Case Committee is in existence and meets once a week. Recently a woman applied for a baby to adopt in order to pretend to her husband that she had had a child by him in his absence and thus get the family money. In the same way the prospective parents are protected in every possible way. A completely clean bill of health where lunacy, epilepsy, and so on are concerned is also required, and blood tests are taken which have to be satisfactory. There is no snobbery, though, about the parentage. It does not matter how humble is the birth of the ex-parents, provided that the children are sound in mind and limb. When possible the children are selected for adoption while they are six months old. In this way the new parents can be sure that the child will not betray its origin and, what is more, will have no recollection of its early days. Many a boy at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Charterhouse a

(Continued on p. 36)

BABY GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: The Queen, in smiling mood, continues her tour of inspection

DINING (WITH ASSISTANCE): A meal-time scene at the hostel. Although many of the children are adopted at six months, some of them remain until they are considerably older and are almost able to look after themselves

PERSONALITIES

A SINGING DISCOVERY: Mr. Danny Malone, the young Irishman who has recently achieved broadcasting fame, makes a record at the H.M.V. Studios

INTO THE STRATOSPHERE: M. Max Cosyns, who accompanied Professor Piccard on his ascent last year, is planning another trip with a graduate of Brussels University

A SUCCESSOR TO CARUSO: Signor Beniamino Gigli, the distinguished Italian vocalist, seen in characteristic pose during his recital at the Albert Hall

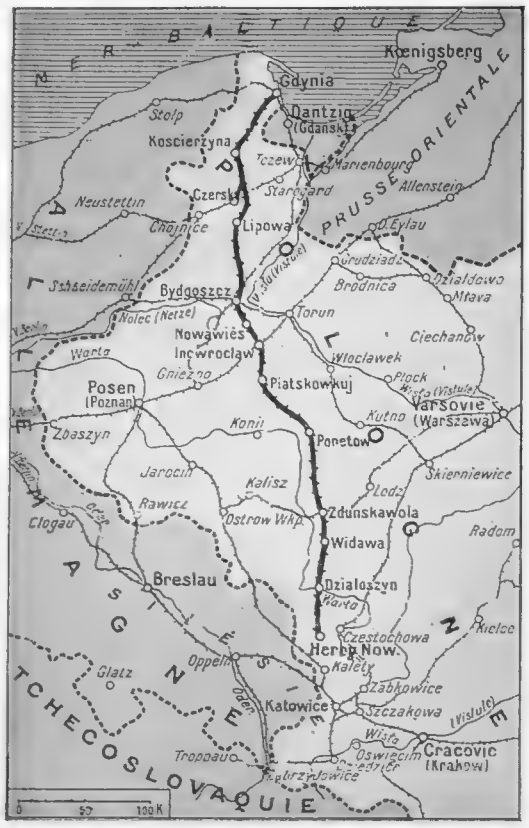
AMERICA'S FIRST LADY: Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt in the silver blue dress she wore at the Inauguration Ball at the White House

VIENNA MAKES A DISCOVERY: Miss Kate Gold, the Scottish stage star taken to Vienna by Reinhardt, has scored an outstanding success at the Burgtheater

THE GOOD LUCK BALL: Miss Carlen Markes in the Lucky Lamb's head-dress she will wear at the Dorchester on Thursday, April 6

MISS DIANA MILLS, who will also be seen at the Good Luck Ball. It is being held in aid of the General Porters' Benevolent Fund

THREE FOR LUCK: Miss Zoe Palmer in the costume she will wear at the ball. The organizer is Mrs. Arthur Croxton



THE POLISH CORRIDOR: Mr. Richardson describes this stretch of country as the most unscientific of all the man-made frontiers of Europe. The corridor is indicated by a light tint

UNSCIENTIFIC FRONTIERS

The Work of Amateur Boundary Makers of the Post-War Years

By E. W. RICHARDSON

When Lord Beaconsfield coined that once-famous phrase, "Scientific frontiers," he was referring to the desirability of countries being separated by natural boundaries, such as ranges of mountains and large rivers, and not by arbitrary lines drawn by statesmen across a map as was done so often in his days of treaty making. Unfortunately for us the statesmen re-creating the map of Europe after the Great War ignored Disraeli's advice and, in dividing up many territories of Central and Eastern Europe, gave them the largest number of unscientific frontiers the world has ever possessed.

These well-intentioned but amateur frontier makers were influenced by two main motives, viz., to punish and weaken the aggressor States while rewarding the Allied nations, and secondly, to repatriate the groups of people who had been cut off from their native lands and distributed among the neighbouring conquering countries. The frontiers drawn up under the first motive were arbitrary and rarely followed a country's natural features; those under the second motive were intended to follow ethnological rather than geographical lines and were at times settled by means of taking a plebiscite vote of the inhabitants concerned. If 55 per cent. of these voted to become citizens of a given country, their territory became part of that country.

Such a case was that of Denmark's recovering part of her old territory at Schleswig, captured by the Germans in 1864. This new frontier was made by plebiscite in 1920, when the northern zone cast 75,431 votes for Denmark and 25,329 for remaining German. In the southern zone 12,800 votes were given for becoming Danish and 57,724 votes for remaining German. The result is that the frontier between Denmark and Germany has no natural barrier; it runs (on paper) through a region of small streams and marshlands extending across the peninsula from the North Sea to the Great Belt, by the Flensborg Fjord, but leaving the port and town of that name in Germany (from memory about 5 per cent. more inhabitants voted for Denmark than for Germany, but Denmark, wishing to avoid trouble with her powerful neighbour, agreed to give up the important harbour which had formerly been hers). Among many curious defects of this artificial frontier one, known to me personally, is the case of a householder voting Danish, but whose garden was cut off by the frontier line. In consequence, when he wished to do some gardening he had to have a German passport!

Another glaring instance of a frontier both unscientific and unjust is that of the Western division between Holland and Belgium, which gives the Dutch not only command of the mouth and estuary of that purely Belgian river, the Scheldt, but also of large parts of Belgian territory lying on its southern shore. If we British had foreign guns commanding the mouth of the Thames, and a foreign State holding the north part of Kent, from, say, the North Foreland to Gravesend, *we* should probably object even more than do the Belgians against a similar state of things in their country. Other small but irritating unscientific boundaries are those of the Saar Basin in Germany, held by the French, and of Malmédy and Eupen ceded to Belgium. In these three cases the "frontier" is a map-made line meandering about, and cutting across, innumerable rivers and streams.

Nor can the frontiers between Italy and Austria and Jugoslavia be called scientific while ethnographically they are false, for they include many German and Serbian-speaking folk. Incidentally, and as showing how little ethnography was followed in the case of some defeated nations, we may recall that the number of Germanic people divorced from their Fatherland by the post-War treaties runs into some 12,000,000. Thus, there are 3,800,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia, 1,750,000 in Poland, 1,500,000 in Russia, 800,000 in Rumania, 700,000 in Jugoslavia, 230,000 in Italy, 180,000 in Lithuania, 65,000 in Latvia, 30,000 in Denmark, and 25,000 in Estonia. Such arbitrary, unnatural, and one might almost say, inhuman frontiers cannot be called "scientific," and apart from many parts of them being merely lines ruled on a map, across plains and cutting through streams, they inflict a great hardship on the annexed peoples, and form a source of potential danger from both the despoiled and the enriched countries and the peace of the rest of Europe.

But all these, and a dozen other glaring instances of unscientific frontiers, pale into insignificance compared with the ethnological and geographical upheavals caused through the changes in the West Russian frontier and the carving out of the new State of Poland. To show how unscientific is this East European, West Russian frontier, let us glance down it on a map. Starting from the Arctic Ocean, the line runs through the Kola Peninsula, meandering through a low-lying land, cuts across rivers rising in Finland, and zig-zags across down to Lake Ladoga, which it divides into two parts (on paper), till it cuts off Finland's "nose" to give a small territory to Leningrad. South of the Gulf of Finland it divides Russia from Estonia by passing through the great Lake Peipus, thence descending through the level land east of Latvia, till it follows for a few miles the River Dwina—the first natural boundary so far utilized. Lithuania and North Poland are separated from Russia by an almost straight-drawn line, until near Brest-Litovsk it follows the River Bug, *mirabile dictu*, for nearly a hundred miles. It then cuts through South Poland, and follows the Bodrag River for some fifty miles, dividing it from Hungary for some 150 miles, the longest natural boundary in all its 2,000 miles, until finally it has its only long line of really scientific frontier in the River Dniester, flowing into the Black Sea.

The most unscientific, unnatural, unjust, and therefore most latently dangerous of all the man-made, map-drawn frontiers of Europe is undoubtedly that of the part of Poland called the "Polish Corridor." This tongue of territory cuts through Germany, in order to give Poland access to the sea, and has an average width north of Berent of 20 miles, narrowing to some 17 miles as it fronts the Baltic Sea. There the territory of the Free City of Dantzig separates Poland from East Prussia, with a few miles of the River Vistula and two long, arbitrary lines drawn through space, through the Frische Lagoon and through the Frische-Nehrung, that narrow tongue of land enclosing the lagoon, and resembling that other spit, called the Kurishe Nehrung, which runs up to Memel, and nearly cuts off Lithuania from the sea.

At Memel, now called Klaipeda by the Lithuanians, we have another of those "League of Nations' Territories," like Dantzig, a nominally "Free Zone," but coveted alike by Germany and Lithuania, forming a continual bone of contention and an almost daily source of friction between those two countries and Poland. This enclave was handed over to Lithuania in 1923, but subject to conditions intended to regulate the use of the port and river by Poland and Russia, whose natural outlets for timber are the rivers Niemen and Russ, debouching into the Kurishe Haff.

This Polish Corridor, which gives Poland access not only to the port of Dantzig but to the new port of Gdynia which she has built on the Baltic, entirely cuts off Germany from her East Prussian territory, to reach which she must pass through Polish territories, just as if Devon and Cornwall were cut off from the rest of England by Somerset and Dorset being in the hands of the French, with the double frontier along the foreign "corridor." Such an act of living amputation could not be suffered by any self-respecting nation, and no thoughtful person can doubt but that Germany will never rest until she loses her dismembered province of East Prussia or has it territorially joined to the Fatherland.

The situation in Valk, a railway junction of five lines, is Gilbertian. For the frontier runs through the narrow High Street, the houses on one side of which are in Estonia and those on the opposite side in Latvia. Passports and police permission are required to cross the street either way. The penalty for crossing the street without such permission was a fine or one day's imprisonment, the imaginary line being carefully guarded by sentries of each country. If you shop on the north side of the street you must pay in Estonian money, if you buy anything on the south side you must tender Latvian coins. There was at first a somewhat bitter feeling between the two sections of the inhabitants of Valk; probably time has eased the strain, but Major Rutter wrote, soon after this division of the town, that the male population consumed large amounts of vodka, in order, he presumed, to help them drown their respective national troubles.

These unscientific frontiers, these enclaves of one country jutting into and being occasionally entirely surrounded by another, often present situations of great humour to outsiders, but to the respective peoples on either side they must be a source of constant annoyance and trouble, and of daily irritation if the frontier officials be too strict in carrying out their always unpleasant time-and-money-wasting duties. There is no danger of Estonia and Latvia going to war over Valk, but there is distinct danger attaching to such egregious cases as those of the West Russian and East German frontiers, and one cannot but feel that on too many of these "self-determined" boundaries and States, man-drawn, map-made frontiers, President Wilson came to Europe, not to give peace but a sword.

A BONE OF CONTENTION: Polish patrols guard the frontier of the "Corridor," the narrow neck of land which provides Poland with an outlet to the Baltic, and the possession of which is creating so much tension between Germany and her neighbour

The above print (coloured in the original) is here reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Rimmel of Duke Street, St. James's. It shows the Oxford and Cambridge boat race of 1871. This race also took place on April 1; it was won by Cambridge, who beat Oxford by one length, the time being 23 min. 5 sec. The print gives an interesting record of the dress of the period. Many of the older men are wearing tall silk hats, others are sporting a very low-crowned type of bowler. Side-whiskers are favoured by many of the men. Round coats, with check trousers with a broad stripe down the seam and black bow ties, complete the masculine attire. The youths wear glengarries and curious little basin-shaped hats. The women are attired in flounced dresses with bolero bodices. The crews appear to have worn light and dark blue jackets

TWO PICTURES in the WEEK'S NEWS

THE BURNING OF OLD CROME'S MILL is an event which will be greatly regretted by all lovers of East Anglia and the art of this distinguished landscapist. The old timber mill figures in many of Crome's pictures. The one reproduced here hangs in the National Gallery

DRAMA

By PHILIP PAGE

People with a Stunted Sense of Morality Make "Stunt" Criticisms of Coarseness on the Stage—"The Lonely Road": a Play which needs Drastic Compression—"Emil and the Detectives"

NAUGHTON AND GOLD, who star in *Crazy Month* at the Palladium

FLANAGAN AND ALLEN, another amusing pair at the Palladium

The time for a protest against the supposed vulgarity, indecency, impropriety, coarseness—call it what you will—of the English stage was a little overdue, and that protest has duly arrived. There is no need for alarm. The people who imagine that we are heading for perdition unless something is done are usually found to be neither sincere Puritans nor prurient busybodies. They are merely out for a "stunt," a horrid word but conveniently suggestive of those who exist on them.

An easy method is to recognize a change that will inevitably come, scream out for it in the newspapers, then, when it has occurred, to say "Alone I did it."

That happened in the case of the promenade of the old Empire Theatre, and if no one was one penny the worse for the closing of that delectable spot, it is certain that no one was a penny the better for it.

Bernard Shaw cast a bombshell in *Pygmalion* when he made Mrs. Patrick Campbell say "bloody"; it is amazing, though not regrettable, that this did not start a fashion. "Bloodies" are comparatively scarce on the stage even still, perhaps because the word is not strong enough, perhaps because it is an ugly one.

What has now attracted the attention of certain people who have a "stunted" sense of morality is that in *Crazy Month* at the Palladium there is a certain degree of coarseness. They are right. But to found a crusade on this is ludicrous. The "cancerous evil" (*sic*) did not grow on England when every other verse of every other song in every other music-hall had a double meaning. The jolly good humour of it all usually acted as an antidote, and the "young lady of fifteen" did not go to music-halls then, but went to bed instead.

Now that she does go to music-halls she is not going to blush at what she hears there, even if, as is quite likely, she finds not a double but a treble meaning in it. In thirty years the world has opened its windows over certain matters and the ventilation has done a power of good.

To prevent the bounds being overstepped there is instinct, which recoils when it is outraged and could, and would, retaliate dangerously; and there is the law. We can do without "crusades." It is instinct (as well as the law) which will forbid a few words used in the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (and a poor novel it is), being spoken in the "talkie" version which is said to be in preparation.

Besides, the word pornography is applied far too freely. There is not a pornographic play or even a pornographic scene in a London theatre to-day, in spite of the fact that two of the most successful productions deal with the two varieties of unnatural affection and that a prominent scene in a comic opera is laid in what one diplomatically calls an "establishment."

Facing unpleasant facts without unnecessary display and using them other than as a means to an end, is as innocuous a proceeding as the more or less Rabelaisian fooling of a music-hall comedian.

There is not in the whole of the London stage, from the St. Martin's Theatre, where flourishes *The Green Bay Tree*, to the music-halls, anything so perniciously foul as the so-called "sex-appeal" films from America.

These have not even the courage to be vulgar in deed. Every moment of them betrays silly vulgarity of soul, and that is far worse. The "backstage" nonsense, the bathing pools, the parade of semi-nude blondes, the sugar-daddies—all the paraphernalia of the super-super film, whether the scene be ancient Rome or modern Hollywood—here is the fare upon which millions feed weekly. And it is here that the danger lies.

I think the "crazy" business at the Palladium is overdone; some variety turns are not so good in themselves that they can afford to let other performers spoil them. And surely comedians and others should no more wander about the audience and hob-nob with the stalls' occupants than the monkeys at the Zoo should be permitted to escape from their allotted spaces.

However, if the Palladium management like to let their auditorium resemble the Mappin Terraces, that is their business.

There were some "broad" remarks occasionally. But to raise a hullabaloo and ask, "What is the Censor doing?" is reminiscent of nothing so much as a child crying for its nanny—with the difference that children are usually sincere.

Of the laughter-makers I saw Naughton and Gold deserve first prize—a long way ahead. And of these one is much funnier than the other. But as I do not know which is Naughton and which is Gold, these remarks are not likely to cause bad blood in a successful partnership.

Nervo and Knox, excellently droll, are inclined to repeat themselves. Nellie Wallace is the greatest female grotesque living—and obviously there are many who like female grotesques. There was a clever person called Yost who did some modelling, which I preferred to the modelling of Mr. Epstein, who is fortunate in being able to work in more tranquil circumstances.

We have had geniuses historical or the geniuses of fiction portrayed in plays rather frequently of late. They are awkward folk to tackle on or off the stage, and the imaginary ones are the worst.

Michael Orme (Mrs. J. T. Grein) had chosen one of the latter for the outstanding figure of her play, *The Lonely Road*, produced at the Arts Theatre. He was a young artist, a painter of great, of really great pictures—at any rate, he told us they were great. But he was penniless and unappreciated and he fainted at a party. Also he was a very rude young man.

We were intended to understand, I fancy, that he was rude because he was hungry. But it was more likely that he was hungry because he was rude, since, although a good-looking young fellow, he was so insufferable that his appearances as a guest at any meal must have been infrequent; and he talked so much about himself that I doubt whether he could really have found time to paint any pictures. Mr. Geoffrey Gomer, who played the artist—he "took up" with a rich widow and behaved badly to nearly everyone—was handicapped by its lack of sympathetic qualities.

This was also a handicap for Mrs. Grein, though one of her own making. She has written a play of interest; but that interest is only in patches. I cannot see the general box-office public taking to *The Lonely Road* unless the leading character is toned down and there is some drastic compression. In other respects the people are cleverly drawn, though they were not always cleverly played. Miss Aimée de Burgh seemed a trifle listless as the wealthy widow, and has a curious form of diction which I can hardly think is natural.

But Miss Faith Bennett and Miss Hollender were decorative, and a good deal more.

When are American films to cease their obsession with crime and the American police? *Officer 13* does not deal with the grimmest type of policeman (though there is, of course, a murder), but with "speed-cops." One of these seeks to avenge his pal, who has met with an accident while trying to catch on a motor a bad man who was eloping with the daughter of a judge. (Why a judge?)

The morals of this little yarn are unimpeachable; the production and photography are efficient; Mr. Monty Blue looks attractive in a uniform, and the standard of intelligence is carefully gauged to that of the boy of nine who spends his pennies on buying novelettes about "Dead-man's Gulch."

It should, therefore, be very successful indeed.

"Charming" and "unusual" are adjectives which have been applied to the German film, *Emil and the Detectives*. I have just seen this film and I cordially agree with both.

For years, whether on the stage or films, I have hated boy actors. The allure of Jackie Coogan and Jackie Cooper has meant nothing to me. The appearance of the word "Master" on a theatrical programme fills me with apprehension, and the subsequent appearance of Master Somebody-or-other on the stage usually fills me with loathing. I saw Noel Coward as a boy-actor, and thought him a detestable little beast.

But in this film young boys have not only been made to act and act well, but to be wholly inoffensive. I understand the story is taken from a novel which, in Germany, is a best-seller among young and old. I can well believe it. Whether the film is a satisfactory adaptation I do not know; but beyond question it is intrinsically a most ingenious piece of work.

We follow the adventures of little Emil, a less priggish version of our own Eric, and of his companions, who are a cut above our own Casey Court boys. Possibly Huckleberry Finn is nearer the bull's-eye.

Emil is robbed of 140 marks, the equivalent to-day of about £9, which he is conveying to his grandmother. A crook, played brilliantly by a gentleman with the cacophonous name of Fritz Rasp, does the fell deed. But Emil's small companions form themselves into a band of detectives and come to his aid with happy results.

The whole thing is full of humour and true humanity; never does it play to the gallery or strike a mawkish note. Herr Gerhardt Lamprecht, the director, is to be congratulated, as are all concerned, on furnishing a first-class entertainment which is likely to become a classic in its way.

I have been faithful, after my fashion, to Mr. Ronald Colman as a film actor, and his performance in *Cynara*, the new film at the Carlton, is not going to induce me to swerve from my allegiance. The plot is familiar, at any rate to the many thousands who saw Sir Gerald du Maurier in the play of that name in London.

Mr. Colman is unaffectedly romantic in the part of the barrister who, although in love with his wife, carries on a *liaison* with a young shop-girl whom he meets in a Soho restaurant. The shop-girl takes him too seriously—and commits suicide.

After the silly stuff Mr. Colman has had to be saddled with in such films as *The Devil's Garden*, it is good to see him in *Cynara*. Miss Kay Francis does well as his wife (the Gladys Cooper part), and Miss Phyllis Barry, who is English and comes to the films via work in a Tiller troupe, acting in Australia, and appearances in non-film revues in California, is a real find. She played the shop-girl—her début in a big part—in a way that makes it fairly safe to prophesy that here is a bright star in the making—indeed, already made.

"EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES"

The German Film, Almost Entirely Acted by Children, which Takes as its Theme the Thrilling Adventures of a Band of Youthful Braves, and Crystallizes with Rare Insight the Romantic Day-dreamings of Youth

EMIL JOURNEYS ALONE TO BERLIN: A scene from the new U.F.A. film, adapted from the novel by Erich Kästner, which had its British première at the Cinema House, Oxford Street, a few days ago. Seated in the right hand corner of the carriage is the villain, always resplendent in a bowler hat, who drugs the youthful Emil on his way to Berlin with a poisoned sweet

THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT: The villain watches Emil, the boy whom he intends to rob, over his paper. Emil, left alone with the sinister stranger, pins his notes into an inner pocket for safety

EMIL IS INTRODUCED TO THE DETECTIVES: Robbed of his money Emil meets his saviours, a band of youthful braves which any child would give his ears to command. All are determined to do or die in the capture of the villain in the bowler hat

THE VILLAIN AT BAY: "The man in the bowler hat" (Fritz Rasp) pursued, as he leaves the hotel, by the band of children. If he runs they run, and wherever he goes they follow him. The villain, a sinister fellow, epitomises a child's conception of the evil doer. The film is remarkable for the manner in which Gerhardt Lamprecht has conveyed to the screen the youthful imaginings of the children

HOLDING THE FORT AT H.Q.: When the detectives are at work "Young Tuesday" (Hans Albrecht Lohr) directs operations from headquarters, his father's study, while his faithful dachshund keeps watch

TRAPPED: Driven frantic by the pursuing children the villain, in a panic, seeks to change the notes which he has stolen from Emil (Rolf Wenkhaus). Emil, however, dashes into the bank hot upon the villain's heels and swears on oath that the money is stolen, and proves it by the safety pin marks upon the notes. The villain flies from the building only to become submerged, like a train in a snowdrift, by the mass of children who have followed him. The villain is bundled to the police station, discovered to be a bank robber, and the hero is returned his money and a substantial reward for making the capture

Lenare

MAJOR LEONARD HANDLEY, who has written a notable big game book in *Hunter's Moon*, published by Macmillan

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Hector Bolitho's Long-Awaited Biography of Alfred Mond—Too Many Details Regarding Petty Party Squabbles: Mr. M. O. Calvocoressi's "Musician's Gallery": Writing of a High Dramatic Order in "Hunter's Moon"—Not a Mere Story of Wanton Killing

MR. JAMES BARKE, author of *The World His Pillow*, published by William Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd.

The life of Alfred Mond by Mr. Hector Bolitho has been awaited with considerable interest. Now that it has at last emerged it is, frankly, a disappointing book (*Alfred Mond, First Lord Melchett*. Secker. 21s.). It was not an easy life to write, for Sir Alfred Mond never achieved front rank in British politics, despite his very great abilities, and there is nothing so wearisome as a long recital of minor political activity and squabbling. For this reason it seems a pity that Mr. Bolitho should have devoted half of the life to the post-War years. The dissension within the Liberal Party can at no time be edifying reading, and the collapse of a great Party as the result of the quarrel between Asquith and Lloyd George is now of no deep interest to anyone. But even if it were, there are more authoritative sources, with wider angles, than those supplied by a study of Alfred Mond. The opening part of the book makes interesting reading. Ludwig Mond, the German Jew who made his home in England, who built up the great chemical industry, relentless in character, gruff, domineering, but courageous, and a man of titanic energy, provides an interesting introduction to the young Alfred Mond who, when asked what he intended to be, replied to a group of cousins, "I am going to be Prime Minister of England!"

It was a prophecy that was not fulfilled, perhaps because, as Mond once observed, he was not by nature a lucky person. Apart from the asset of great wealth, he had much against him, and nothing but sheer ability and force of character carried him to the heights he achieved. True, he was ploughed at Cambridge; he was, at first, a disappointment to his father, and the more graceful Robert seemed to have the odds in his favour. Mr. Bolitho has contracted the irritating habit of imaginative construction, which has no justification in biography.

How does he know that "Alfred walked on to the terrace and spread out his arms. He felt his own growth warming his body, lifting him from the nebulous confusion in which . . ." etc.? Why, contemplating Hadrian's villa, should "the whole psychological and physiological mystery of sex seem to rise about him?" This is speculative nonsense. He exhibits also the bad habit of broken sequence. We jump about in the years and the narrative becomes distorted, and at no time should the author obtrude himself upon the reader. There is far too much of Signor Mussolini told the author, Peers told the author, Lloyd George told the author. The mere mechanism of a biographer's workshop should not be exhibited. Why should we be informed that "the most intimate and locked boxes of Lord Melchett's papers were given to him. A biography without these privileges would have been uninteresting as a task . . ."? It is taken for granted that an official biography provides its author with the requisite information, and that he has access to intimate papers. And it adds nothing to our interest in Sir Alfred, or to his Life, to learn that Mr. Bolitho had a trowel placed in his hand, and that he was allowed to smooth some oozy concrete in Tel Mond. Nor is the author happy in the *obita dicta* that he inserts from time to time.

We have a dissertation on the influence of a man's medical history on the facts of his life. This would seem to lead us to an important revelation regarding some physical disability or affliction of Sir Alfred Mond. Actually it leads us to the banal revelation that one day, at the age of sixty, Sir Alfred said, "I am tired." It is as revealing as the statement that "he worked hard to make money only because he saw the uses to which it could be put," or the surprising opinion that "Asquith served England because he believed in its great past. Alfred Mond served England because of its future," which is bathos. After laboriously building up the evidence that Sir Alfred was a great patriot, and that the calumny heaped upon him during the War, because he was of German origin, was met with the resolute courage that characterized the whole life of the man, Mr. Bolitho destroys the sympathy created by the revelation, in witness of Mond's patriotism, that he suggested to the War Cabinet that an attempt should be made to set fire to the Black Forest, "which I know intimately." Mr. Bolitho frequently lets down his subject with a bump of similar tactlessness.

We have Mr. Durant with his superficial *Story of Philosophy* brought into the narrative, actually in conjunction with Bacon and neither in any real conjunction with Mond. It seems strange that Mr. Hector Bolitho, who gave us such an excellent biography in *Albert the Good* should have failed so lamentably in this Life of Lord Melchett. The real fascination of the man rarely emerges. A portrait of a warm-hearted man is instantly dispelled by the tactless revelation that once, when a lady was seeking his sympathy on the subject of the Armenian atrocities and the violation of Armenian women, he replied, "They like it!" True this is given as a piece of humour but it is a false instance. There is a sense of frustration all through this Life. Mond ignored the essential necessity, in politics, of masking his superiority. He belonged, as Lloyd George said, to the aristocrats of intellect. He was unshakably honest, as the facts of his departure from the Liberal Party prove; he had foresight that amounted to vision. Early in his career he was blocked by Asquith's innate dislike; later, the collapse of Mr. Lloyd George and his desperate political experiments sent Mond into exile. The Conservatives received him without loving him, and in any case he was too tired and contemptuous to cultivate their regard. The artist in him was never quite repressed, a cause of suspicion among the Philistines. One of the most brilliant talkers of his day, he put lesser men out of court, and it was remembered against him. Lloyd George, when he spoke of putting Mond in the Cabinet, was told by Bonar Law that he could not carry both Churchill and Mond. To his honour and advantage Lloyd George put him into his Cabinet and rebuked calumny. Mr. Bolitho's task was not easy; "a sense of failure comes upon the writer," he confesses. We are informed that "statesmen have incited Mr. Bolitho to courageous writing." Alas, he has lost his subject in a morass of petty details.

Whether you are interested in musicians or not, Mr. M. D. Calvocoressi will succeed in holding your attention with his *Musicians Gallery* (Faber and Faber. 18s.). Born in Marseilles in 1877, the son of Greek parents, he has been in touch with musical events in Paris and London all his life. At one time he was second in command to Diaghileff and had much to do with the season of ballet under the Russian's direction. It ended in a quarrel, as almost every connection with the erratic Russian genius ended, but they remained friends. Early in his life Mr. Calvocoressi had a friendship with Ravel, and has much to say of that composer, his habits and methods of work. There are glimpses in Paris of Grieg, Debussy, and Albinez, with notes on Rimsky-Korsakof and Scriabine. He visited Korsakof in Petrograd. Obsessed with music he saw little of that city, but it was enough. "Certainly it was impossible not to feel that disaster was bound to come soon. You cannot, for instance, see an elderly, benevolent-looking gentleman break his walking stick on his sleigh-driver's back at three o'clock in the afternoon, nobody taking any notice of the incident, and not feel something of the kind." He once caught out Arnold Bennett when he was being pontifical. Mr. Calvocoressi complained that Meredith's poems were often obscure whereupon Bennett declared they were perfectly clear. Challenged on a certain poem, he had to confess he could not understand it. When living at Fontainebleau Bennett began work at seven in the morning, and had finished his day's work by nine. He gave much time to thought of dress, and was greatly pleased by the present of a monstrous floating bow he had seen worn by a musician. Mr. Galvocoressi is a man in love with his work, and something of his infectious enthusiasm is communicated to the reader of these memoirs.

I am not very fond of big game hunters. With their enormous boots planted on the flanks of prostrate animals I find them figures of conceit and cruelty. Major Leonard Handley found in me, therefore, a prejudiced reader with his book *Hunter's Moon* (Macmillan. 15s.). But to my surprise this was no mere story of wanton killing. Major Handley is at heart a poet and can write like one, and into the pages of his adventures he has brought the magic of the jungle, the beauty of tropical nights, the glamour and romance of remote places. His adventures cover the jungle lands of Northern and Southern India, Burma, the Malay States, and Siam, Gondia, with its mhow-scented valleys, and the blue hills of Ranga. There is an astonishing story of Tanoy, a Siamese poacher, who killed rhinoceros and boiled down the meat to extract the essential juices. "Peddled in far away Rangoon to the Chinaman, it is almost worth its weight in gold. Every square inch and fluid ounce spell potency and increased vigour to the sexually debilitated. It is the king of aphrodisiacs, the very Elixir of Life. Thus thinks the Chinaman. Every atom of meat is boiled down to fat to massage his flagging muscles. Every bristle is chopped up and compounded as a love philtre, those of the tail fetching a most exorbitant price. The blood is drained off into hollow bamboos and drunk as a most cherished aphrodisiac. . . . Such is the lure of rhino-hunting; and as long as there remains a Chinaman in Burma prepared to pay the price for his libidinous rejuvenation, so long will poaching flourish on the banks of the far distant Pakchan."

Herr Franz Geldte, the author of *Through a Lens Darkly* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), was Minister of Labour in Hitler's first Cabinet, and is president of the famous Steelhelmet League, which he founded. In this novel, which is a form of autobiography, he dramatises his own experience in the War. Wounded early, and losing an arm, Stahl, the central figure, is assigned by the German War Office to the task of taking propaganda films of battles along the Italian, French, and Belgian fronts. The story, therefore, is a panorama of war from the German side most vividly presented, but the real interest lies in the revelation of the author's mind. He is a typical Prussian officer, and reveals the mentality of a bloodthirsty schoolboy of nineteen. A passion for killing, a lust for revenge, and a determination to forget nothing, forgive nothing, imbue every page of this book. If this is the mentality of the forces dragooning Germany to-day, then it would seem that civilization faces the menace it faced in 1914. At moments there is a glimmering sense of the futility of this war mania. Confronted with the heroism of the British attempt on Zeebrugge Stahl asks "Stout devils, those British bluejackets. Wasn't it, after all, idiotic that we should be trying to smash in each other's skulls and tear out each other's throats and entrails? If we fought not against one another but side by side, couldn't we smash the whole world, or rule and lead in co-operation?" But a page later the Prussian cries out "How splendid life was! A man's fight. Battle, the father of all things!" In those few words the backward mentality of the author is expressed. The whole book carefully exploits the current legend that Germany was not defeated as a military power, but fell because she was betrayed at home. It never seems to occur to the German military mind why the people at home revolted—because the soldiers in the field had failed. As a revelation of the mentality behind the Hitler movement this book should be read. It closes with a hymn of hate, and a vow to sow the dragon's teeth of war when the "traitors" at home have been despatched.

BOOKS TO READ

SECOND INNINGS, by Country Vicar (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.).

MY GOLFING LIFE, by Harry Vardon (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

THE FLYING CARPET, by Richard Halliburton (Bles. 16s.).

ON FOOT IN SUSSEX, by A. A. Evans (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

SHORT HISTORY OF WORLD'S SHIPPING INDUSTRY, by C. Ernest Fayle (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.).

FIVE FATAL WORDS, by E. Balmer and Philip Wylie (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.).

HELENA, by Sylvia Thompson (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

LOST, by Dale Collins (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).

APRIL IN FIELD AND HEDGEROW

Camera study by E. G. Garland

RUSTIC JOVIALITY — Old Master Tanner of Upperton, Sussex, is just the acme of contentment now that Spring is here

FOSTERING FAMILIARITY — Lambs at Gorton Hill Farm, South Molton, Devon, have been adopted by a cow which defends them from all comers

COOPER'S CRAFT — A scene in the woods near Monmouth, where the work of making hoops for barrels has been re-started to meet the growing demand

THE HURDLE-MAKER — Mr. Frank Cox, of Watersfield, Sussex, at work in the woods, where he has been hurdle-making for the past fifty years

"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY" — A Cornish fisherman assists with the daffodil picking

METAL-CRAFT

A Modern English Craftsman Recaptures the Lost Touch of a Seventeenth-Century Ironworker

AN OLD CRAFT REVIVED: The metal-worker who has been engaged at Hampton Court, at the instigation of the Office of Works, in repairing the famous twelve-panelled iron screen of Jean Tijou

COPYING THE MASTER: A detailed view of the work of repair at Hampton Court, where Jean Tijou's masterpiece is being renovated in its original style under the supervision of a technical expert

HAMMERED ARTISTRY: One of the beautiful leaf ornaments being hammered into shape, an exact replica of the work of the great French craftsman

The three pictures shown above depict the work now proceeding at Hampton Court, where a craftsman of to-day, assisted by a specially trained staff official of the Office of Works, has recaptured the lost touch of Jean Tijou, the French Protestant metal-worker, and is renovating and copying the magnificent wrought-iron screen which he made for the Palace in the seventeenth century. Tijou worked from 1689 to 1693 on the twelve-panelled screen, and no one until to-day has been able to emulate his craftsmanship. The rust-eaten frame and the corroded ornaments are now being restored and the metal-worker engaged on the task is day by day replacing the lost pieces from detailed drawings, welding them to the rest and in fact renovating Tijou's work in all its pristine beauty

THE FINISHING TOUCHES: Professor Richter, who specializes in bronze sculpture, employs a very old process

LIQUID BRONZE: The grooves in which the bronze runs from the oven. Professor Richter conducts a delicate operation

REINFORCING THE SCULPTURE: Iron bars being fixed to the cast to support the centre of a statue

The work of the sculptor in stone must of necessity be no more enduring than the life of the material which he employs. So also is it with the bronze-worker, but his material may be said to last almost for all time. The three illustrations above show the work of Professor Richter in Berlin, who sculptures entirely in bronze and employs the oldest and most complicated technique. The professor works in the traditional style, and his methods recall the Renaissance days of Benvenuto Cellini

FIRM & FRESH in DAMP, WET WEATHER

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A mirror-lined recess, fitted with drawers, separates two cupboards in a room where a blue linen bedspread strikes a note of pure colour against the smoky beige mahogany walls

A Street of Homes at Olympia, 1933

IDEAL HOMES at OLYMPIA . .

Light and colour, used with magical effect by artists and engineers, are two of the main sources of inspiration at this year's Exhibition. Beneath a man-made rainbow that weighs three tons, one enters this City of Dreams, in which a perfect Surrey village, a flat in the clouds, a series of gardens from great plays, and a collection of common-sense kitchens, make urgent claims to immediate attention. Such a blend of beauty and stern practicability of endless entertainment and helpful suggestions has seldom before been gathered together. The exhibition remains open until April 29

Fabrics are all-important in the newest schemes of interior decoration. Heavy reversible linens in huge checks or complicated plaids are used for upholstery; cotton and wool tweeds are favoured for unlined curtains; and there is a very definite revival of quilted chintz for bedspreads and for cushions. Artificial silk fabrics are heavy, with shadowy designs glowing through brilliant gradations of colour, shading from gold to rust, or from silver to purple

A modern lounge by Hamptons' with painted walls, metal grills on the glazed doors, and subtle lighting effects achieved by recessed mirrors

Restful simplicity characterizes this room, for which Whiteleys' are responsible at the Exhibition. The furniture is upholstered in Scotch-made tweed linen in a bold black and white plaid, and the walls are absolutely plain in contrast with the patterned curtains

Carpets are modern in form and colour without being in any way exaggerated. In warm half-tones, such as stone or beige, they are patterned in metal colourings—copper, pewter, and gunmetal. Or in clear, bright shades they are mainly plain with an incisive border or central motif. Graded colours are popular, tone on tone, in a wave-like design that looks like a summer sea, and broken patterns without definite form are exceedingly practical

Tiled floors and walls, a porcelain sink and draining board combined, and highly-glazed ceiling and table surfaces make this kitchen a model of bright efficiency. Not an unnecessary item provides avoidable work, which is reduced to a minimum in such well-planned surroundings

Sheet rubber curtains are interesting and inexpensive, especially in rooms where colour is more important than anything else. Here they are seen beneath flat wall pelmets, in company with furniture upholstered in a coat lining fabric

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TEA CLOTH
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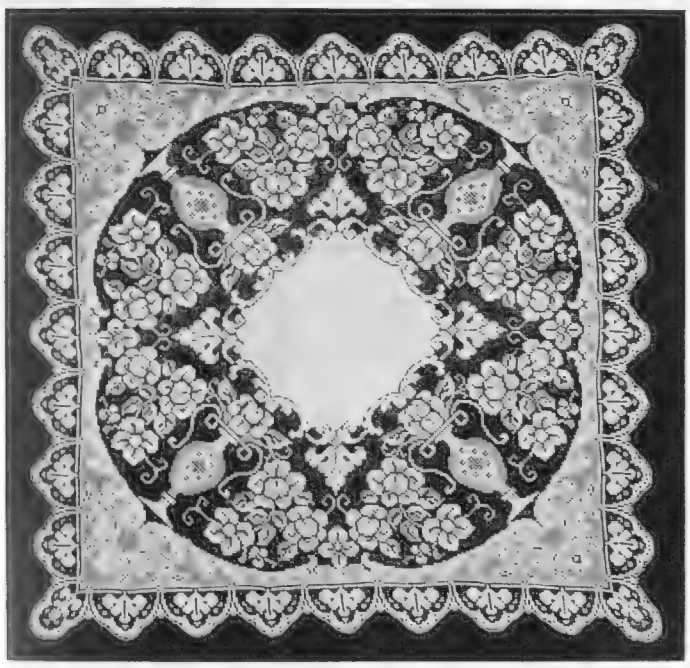

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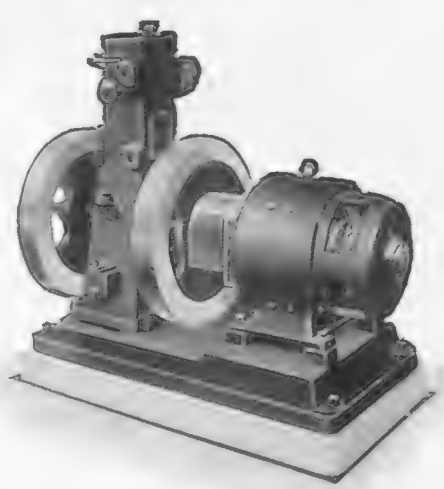

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HOUSES WITH A SETTING

An Essential to the Perfect Home

SPRINGTIME IN THE SOUTH: Daffodils, rhododendrons, and Madonna lilies in a Devonshire garden created by Carters

To lavish care upon your home, to make it as beautiful as a house can be, and to set it down in a carelessly planned garden is like obscuring a flawless jewel in a heavy and unsuitable setting. So much can be done to carry the eye away from architectural defects if the grounds are laid out well, and so much that is beautiful may be dwarfed if a set arrangement is inappropriate.

The "Gardens from Great Plays" at the Ideal Home Exhibition will appeal to all those who love flowers and the inspired grouping of colour. Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., have constructed "The Barrier," a perfectly natural garden, at one end of which is a waterfall that feeds a winding stream between banks of spring flowers. Beneath the silver of the birch the sombre green of shrubs forms a perfect background for the brilliancy of tulips, daffodils, azaleas, rhododendrons, and ornamental fruit trees.

As a visual help when one is endeavouring to plan a garden of one's own these examples of varied types of landscape gardening are invaluable.

IN A DUTCH GARDEN

Furniture, too, needs a setting that stresses its good points, and in this respect too much care cannot be lavished upon wall treatments. So often one sees a whole room reduced to insignificance by a wallpaper that breaks all its lines and throws out of perspective all its proportions. Or it may be that a very expensive suite of furniture is not in the least impressive, just because it is overpowered by an unduly bold background.

There is little room for doubt that painted walls fit in best with modern schemes of interior decoration. They are restful, artistic, and economical. Delicately clear colours can be obtained without difficulty and, since they are washable, without qualms. "Hygeia" flat wall-finish is an ideal type of paint for rooms where pale colours are required, for no amount of washing will spoil its even texture, while Satinette enamel is a splendid medium for all indoor woodwork.

If you are planning renovations or are decorating a new house you will find Messrs. Pinchin Johnson's book on Modern Decoration the greatest possible help. Beautifully illustrated in colour, it will enable you to choose the best colour scheme for each room, while on the facing page is a detailed description of the paints and shades that are best suited to the purpose.

They have studied colour, not only from the point of view of charm, but with an appreciation of its psychological effect, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Their yellow and gold bedroom is one which would completely disguise a northern room, while their blue guest room, which might so easily seem cold and unsympathetic, converts a southern room into a delightfully cool retreat.

Write to them if you are doubtful about any of your own ideas. They will give you splendid advice which will save you a tremendous amount of worry and expense.

The care of woodwork is a consideration which no careful householder can afford to overlook. As a preservative Solignum is so well known that it needs no recommendation here. Indoors and out it is of the greatest benefit, and it is of special interest as a medium for walls, inasmuch as it preserves the boards and at the same time presents a surface which will neither scratch nor wear off. Quite inexpensive, it is none the less effective, for it enables one to stain or paint floors to tone with any colour scheme.

Nell Gwynn candles in a stately candelabrum complete a decorative scheme arranged by Gill and Reigate

Despite the great progress that has been made in modern lighting, there is still nothing that can compare with the soft glow of candles for illuminating a dinner table. More and more, hostesses are using them, for the kindly influence they exert is a definite aid to conversation. What woman, feeling that she looks her best, does not live up to that conviction? Made in a host of different colours and designs, Nell Gwynn candles play an important part in the schemes of some of the leading designers.

Leisure hours are spent at home, and if they are to be enjoyed to the full everything should be planned for comfort. Foot's Patent Adjustable Reclining Chairs are the acme of luxury. The back can be lowered to any degree by pressing a small button, while the leg rest can be altered just as easily. Capable of being instantly converted into a full length couch, they afford absolute rest, though they at no time draw attention to their extreme versatility.

MAKING and BUYING ELECTRICITY

The Merits of Two Systems

The Duke of Beaufort's library at Badminton, which is illuminated by a private light and power plant installed by Drake and Gorham, Ltd.

Under existing conditions any money spent on the development or improvement of property can be regarded as a sound investment, and the installation of electricity in country houses is consequently of particular interest at this time. Where there is no alternative a simple, straightforward decision can be made as soon as the costs have been investigated. But when the house stands in a rural district where a local supply is available, the relative advantages of the Grid system and the purchasing of a private generating plant have to be considered.

In cases where the company's cable actually passes the door it is probably more convenient to link up with them, though it is not always quite so simple to decide which of their tariffs to adopt. Careful preliminary calculations must be made, or the consumer may find that he is paying more than he need for a commodity that is already rated far higher than the public were led to expect when the golden era of electricity was first boomed. There is, of course, the chance that the price per unit may fall as the number of consumers increases, but there is little immediate prospect of such an event, inasmuch as a large proportion of the cost is accounted for by the interest payable on the sums of money borrowed when the mains were laid.

Let us, for the moment, assume that the house stands back a quarter of a mile from the roadway. To run a cable in would cost roughly about £600. This, inevitably, is an absolutely irrecoverable sum. If a private plant is installed it remains a realizable asset which would change hands at a fair price if the property were sold. The capital outlay naturally depends on the size of the scheme, but the initial costs are comparatively low, and the running costs are, in the majority of cases, considerably below the rates offered by the local company. It is not possible to go into these costs here, for private plants vary from those suitable for a house with, say, four bedrooms, to installations that will provide for the needs of a mansion. There are several types on offer, and it should be borne in mind that running costs, including those for upkeep, are the most important items to consider.

The introduction of the Diesel engine has made a tremendous difference in this respect. Burning crude oil which, when purchased in 2-ton lots, works out at about 4d. a gallon, it provides electricity, on an average, at less than 1d. a unit. Furthermore, the newest models have been simplified to such an extent that no skilled labour is essential to keep the engine in order. It is a task that can perfectly well be undertaken by the gardener or chauffeur, especially as the installing firms give a very comprehensive service agreement which includes a periodical overhaul of the entire plant.

A point that is often raised is the dependability of a private generating plant as compared with the degree of risk in connection with a breakdown under the Grid system. It is said that the private owner is far more likely to find himself deprived of light and heat than is a public consumer. Actually, this is by no means the case. Although the central stations are wonderfully efficient, there is always the possibility of weather conditions affecting pylons, and indeed, several areas broke down during the blizzards that swept the country during the early part of this year. Even if a temporary breakdown does occur in a private plant (and the chance is remote) there should be sufficient current stored up to supply requirements for at least 10 hours.

The amount of space taken up by the plant is another important point. This again depends entirely upon the demands that are likely to be made upon it. For the purposes of the average householder it may be taken for granted that nothing more than an outhouse would be required.

There would be no point in giving details of the many types of private plant that are available. This is a matter which should be taken up by the owner himself. So long as a reputable firm is employed there should be no question of any problems arising. The installation is a simple matter, and the fullest and best possible advice is offered by the firms who specialize in this work.

One last word—the owner of a private plant is entirely independent. His supply of electricity is assured no matter what disputes may arise, and he is in the fortunate position of locking up his money rather than of bidding it farewell for ever.

An interesting example of modern lighting as applied to pictures. By Drake and Gorham, Ltd.

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BRITISH CARS IN SOUTH AFRICA: Armstrong Siddeley cars outside the Durban Country Club on the occasion of a lunch given by Mr. H. P. Henry, one of the directors of Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd., during his visit to South Africa

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands: Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE 16-h.p. SUNBEAM: This 6-cylinder car which, with a saloon body, costs £695, is fitted with a synchro-mesh gear box, which forms part of the standard equipment. The car is reviewed in the accompanying article

A REALLY FAST CAR.—Sunbeams have not done any racing for quite a number of years, but the experience which is theirs for all time still enables them to produce a car with a university polish.

THE 16-H.P. SUNBEAM.—Every year there are one or two cars the testing of which gives me real pleasure, and I look forward to trying them every twelve months so as to note the improvements that have been made. Frankly in some cases it puzzles me how the manufacturers can find room for improvement at all, and one of such cars is the Sunbeam. Sunbeams have been one of our best British motor cars for years and years, and when they are sent abroad we feel that the prestige of the British motor trade is being upheld. The Sunbeam is what I would term a different car. When one drives it, it gives a pleasure which is difficult to define and which is very seldom experienced with other cars. It is what might be termed a thoroughbred, and the reason for this, in my opinion, is the experience gained by the makers in the strenuous field of motor racing. All cars go and are reliable and speedy for transport purposes, but Sunbeams are something more than mere transport vehicles. They not only do their job, but they do it in a real gentlemanly way.

The moment I sit behind the wheel of a Sunbeam, and in this particular case it was a 16-h.p. saloon, I know when I start moving I shall experience a sensation of real pleasure which is very seldom derived from motoring in these days. To start with, the steering has a nicety of control which has to be experienced before it can be appreciated. The car sits on the road as only a well-designed racing car can, the brakes give that confidence which is seldom equalled in other cars, and the vehicle gets a move on in a quiet, unobtrusive way that is almost impossible to describe.

This 16-h.p. Sunbeam has to be watched; at least I found it desirable to keep a keen eye on the speedometer needle. The engine is so quiet and smooth that before the driver realizes it the needle is pointing to 70 m.p.h. One's first instinct is to shout "liar" at the speed indicator, but on test I found that the error was not much above the average.

This new 1933 Sunbeam is fitted with a synchro-mesh gear-box, and I found this a very pleasant improvement over last year's design. There is no difficulty in changing up from second to third or from third to top and down from top to third. In addition, the third gear is as quiet as the top, and on more than one occasion I found myself careering along on this third fondly imagining that I was on top.

This 16-h.p. Sunbeam has a cubic capacity of just over 2 litres, but it is a real glutton for work, and in the case of the car I drove, it had a very roomy and well-built saloon body to cope with. In spite of the comparatively small engine the top gear performance was really good, and I was surprised to find that the car would cruise without any effort at all at 60 m.p.h.

THE BODY.—The steering lock was satisfactory and the car had a suspension that would satisfy the most critically minded. As regards the body this was well-appointed, thoroughly roomy, and really comfortable. The only grouse I have to make regarding it is that the interior had an unpleasant smell which, I think, came from the upholstery, but after a few minutes inside the odour did not annoy. This particular Sunbeam is by no means in the cheapest class, in fact the coachbuilt saloon which I tested is priced at £695. My impression, however, was that it is a car which will last for years and will retain its pleasant features during most of its lifetime. There are many cheaper cars of this size, but not many with the same performance, and I know of very few that will give such pleasure to their owners when they are driven.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 16-h.p. SUNBEAM

Engine—6-Cylinder.
Bore and Stroke—70 mm. and 95 mm.
R.A.C. Rating—18·2 h.p.
Annual Tax—£19.
Ignition—Coil and Distributor.
Brakes—Hydraulic, Lockheed System.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
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BARGAINS IN BABIES

(*Continued from p. 20*)

few years from now will have been born in a slum though he will never know it. For the names of these adopted boys have been put down for all the leading public schools.

Where possible, and it is almost invariably possible, the child who is to be adopted is put into a family further up the social scale. "Not that the devotion of a wealthy woman is necessarily the best," said Mrs. Plummer. "The minimum we insist on in the way of income is £175 a year, and very often the adoption of a child means real sacrifice on the part of the new parents. But this real sacrifice usually generates a more real mother love than any other. Incidentally, we take great care that the character as we know it of the real parent or parents should be paralleled in the new parents. We would not allow an artist's child to be brought up by any really stodgy couple, for example.

As she spoke, the telephone rang. She answered it. "I'm sorry," she said, "Jane is already promised, but send in your application form and see if you can find another child you like. In fact, you had better bring your wife along."

"We don't believe in relieving a couple of married parents of the responsibility of their children unless they have too many and the husband is out of work or something." Mrs. Plummer continued: "We have ten applications to adopt children and six or seven children for adoption every week. Since the Queen visited Castlebar last week we have had seventy-five applications just for one child called Sheila, while there are fifty for one named Primrose, though she is only two weeks old and weighs only 5 lb. One woman wrote yesterday and actually said, 'Kindly send me Sheila by return and oblige.' Can you imagine it? By the way, I do wish you could find a home for a most picturesque little girl called Betty. She is eight years old and her mother is a widow. She is much the oldest on our books, and had already been adopted for six years when she came back on our hands through no fault of hers. She speaks delightfully and has dark hair and brown eyes. Of course she is a bit old to have her name changed like the younger ones. Nearly all the new parents give them new Christian names. As often as not, the little girls are called Joy, because of the happiness they cause, while the little boys are usually called Paddy, after 'Paddy the next best thing.' But any names are used. A rich man who recently adopted four of our children who were all within six months of each other turned Rosemary into Janet, Michael into John, Frederick into Ian, and Mary into Susan."

One final point about the system of adoption is that the children go for a probationary visit of three to six months to their new home. During this period surprise calls are made by the Association's clever visitors to make sure that everything is as it should be. There is no obligation on the new parents about adoption for six months. The children are there on approval. But after eighteen months legal adoption is insisted upon, together with the guarantees of guardianship of which I spoke. And once the legal adoption takes place, nobody can take the child away.

And now come for a brief visit to Castlebar. It is a fine house run by a fine woman, Miss Borrett. Miss Borrett has a real "way wid her," just like Father O'Flynn. I almost suspected her of having a daily smile-parade among the babies. As we walked along a series of cots in a sun parlour in the gardens overlooking the Surrey hills, baby after baby opened its eyes and smiled at her when she stopped to address it. "It's extraordinary how these babies so often choose their parents," said Miss Borrett. "Of course, when one of them says 'Dada' or 'Mamma' the game is up. The visitor gives in at once. The average length of time a baby stays with us is a month. But time and again a baby is adopted within twenty-four hours of its arrival. The longest we have ever had one is three months. So far, 4,000 children have been adopted through our organization since its founding in 1917 by Miss Andrew, and the number is being increased at the rate of five or six a week. Different women see charm in different babies. To me anything which is young and helpless is delightful. Most of the prospective mothers want fair-haired babies, but fall in love with a brown-eyed one, or see some resemblance between one of ours and her own baby whose death has prompted her to adopt one.

"Besides these infants we have several toddlers. Perhaps you would like to see them?" I did, but I don't advise anyone else to do so unless they are prepared to go home with a bundle of baby. It is difficult enough to walk past that shop window full of puppies in Bond Street without buying one of them. You may find it is far more difficult to resist a chubby two-year-old who smiles invitingly at you, who does not cost anything to take away, and who would immediately break the heart of almost anybody who is at all a child-lover.

RARE MANUSCRIPTS

An Interesting Auction for Book Collectors at Londonderry House

An Evening Auction will be held on May 9, at Londonderry House, when collectors will have the opportunity of bidding for many unique treasures.

Amongst the objects offered for sale will be Sir James Barrie's MS. of *Shall We Join the Ladies*, John Galsworthy's MS. of *The First and the Last*, the MS. of Charles Morgan's only short story, and one of Eric Linklater's and of Maeterlinck's. First editions, many of them signed by the authors, will also be a feature of the auction, including John Masefield, Hugh Walpole, Sir Owen Seaman, Lord Dunsany, Rudyard Kipling, and J. B. Priestley, whilst a first edition of Sherriff's *Journey's End*, with the signatures of the author and cast, is sure to prove another attraction.

Oswald Birley and Simon Elwes are each presenting a blank canvas, and Mrs. Anning Bell has promised to make a charcoal drawing of the purchaser. Pictures have been given by well-known artists including Stanhope Forbes and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Bertram Nicholls, Terrick Williams, Cecil Hunt, Fred Taylor, and Keith Henderson. G. K. Chesterton has contributed two cartoons, and there are also original drawings by Phil May and David Lowe.

Amongst other objects of value and interest will be a fifth century Greek vase and one or two pieces of Famille-Verte and Famille-Rose.

Lord Londonderry is taking a great personal interest in the sale and is throwing open the drawing-rooms for the occasion, with their magnificent collection of pictures and old furniture, as well as the gallery of Londonderry House.

The auction is being held to help working-class housing in Westminster (Pulford Street Site Fund). Lady Diana Cooper is president and the Marchioness of Reading is chairman of the Committee. Invitations, 5s. each to include the catalogue, may be obtained beforehand from the Hon. Organizing Secretary, the 1933 Auction, 65, Victoria Street, S.W.1, or at the door on the day of the sale.

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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is President of the Society, will be present at the official inauguration of the New *Arethusa* Training Ship on Tuesday, July 25, and will also present the prizes. £20,000 is still urgently needed for cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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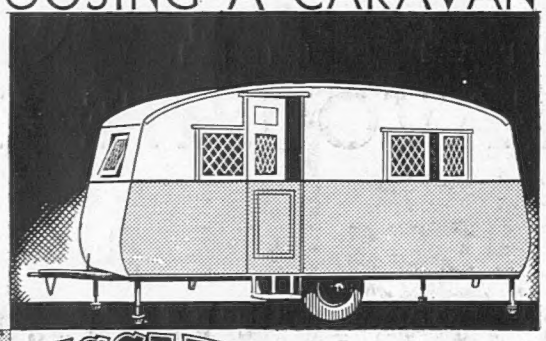

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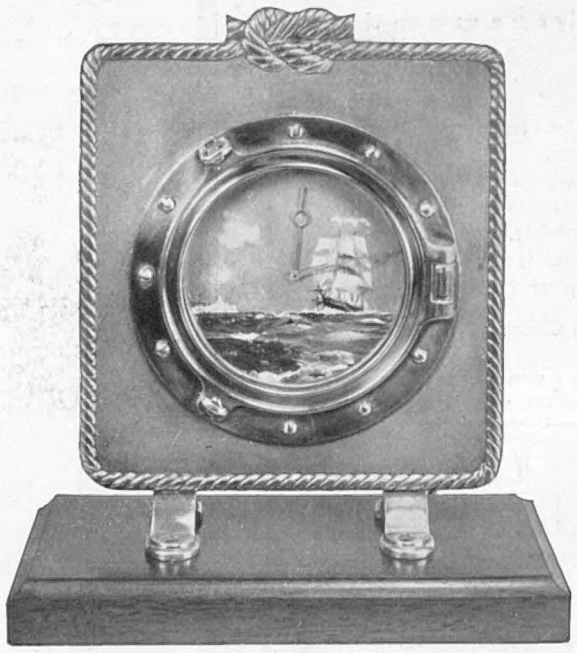

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